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THE TEMPLE CLASSICS



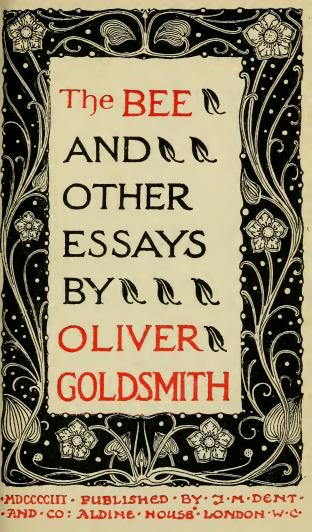
GOLDSMITH'S
ESSAYS
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THE BEE

No. I.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759

Introduction

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsically Intro-dismal figure in nature, than a man of real duction modesty, who assumes an air of impudencewho, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good-humour. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself, upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged a favourable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss

Intro- whether to give the public specious promises, or duction give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should modestly decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the Magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as vastly low; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence: in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' shops, and waste paper.

In this debate between fear and ambition, my publisher, happening to arrive, interrupted for a while my anxiety. Perceiving my embarrassment about making my first appearance, he instantly offered his assistance and advice. "You must know, Sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into three classes. One writer, for instance, excels at a plan, or a titlepage, another works away at the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a Magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, Sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them as Colonel Charteris paid his

seraglio, at the rate of three halfpence in hand, Introand three shillings more in promises." duction

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow. Like the Bee, which I had taken for the title of my paper, I would rove from flower to flower, with seeming inattention, but concealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the season, and make my industry my amusement.

This reply may also serve as an apology to the reader, who expects, before he sits down, a bill of his future entertainment. It would be improper to pall his curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Thus much, however, he may be assured of, that neither war nor scandal shall make any part of it. Homer finely imagines his deity turning away with horror from the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking tranquillity among a nation noted for peace and simplicity. Happy, could any effort of mine, but for a moment, repress that savage pleasure some men find in the daily accounts of human misery! How gladly would I lead them from scenes of blood and altercation, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity.

But whatever the merit of his intentions may

Intro- be, every writer is now convinced that he must duction be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or praise, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A bon mot, for instance, that might be relished at White's, may lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and Bagpipes in St. Giles's. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming table, may be received with a perfect neutrality of face, should it happen to drop in a mackerel boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four extraordinary pages of letterpress, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

But to proceed: Though I cannot promise Introas much entertainment, or as much elegance, as duction others have done, yet the reader may be assured, he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which, if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, low, or sad stuff, this, I protest, is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the

secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity. If he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes, in the 'Rehearsal,' that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with such reflections as these I en-

It is with such reflections as these I endeavour to fortify myself against the future contempt or neglect of some readers, and am prepared for their dislike by mutual recrimination. If such should impute dealing neither in battles nor scandal to me as a fault, instead of Intro- acquiescing in their censure, I must beg leave

duction to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to pass at the foot of the Alps, found himself at last in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey. This deformity, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest ornament of the human visage. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and none were regarded as pretty fellows, but such whose faces were broadest at the bottom. - It was Sunday; a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! This was a defect that not a single creature had sufficient gravity (though they were noted for being grave) to withstand. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage, and the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety; even the parson, equally remarkable for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the good-humour. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am the unfortunate cause of all this

good-humour. It is true, I may have faults Remarks in abundance, but I shall never be induced to on our reckon my want of a swelled face among the Theatres number."

REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub Street is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes; and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told that Garrick is a fine actor; but then as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most promising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated Majesty at Covent Garden. As I love to be advising too—for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority-I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English

Stage use very little gesture in ordinary conversation,
Action our English bred actors are obliged to supply
in stage gestures by their imagination alone. A
French comedian finds proper models of action
in every company, and in every coffee-house he
enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his
models from the stage itself; he is obliged to
imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the Continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance: such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add anything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet, as to action, he is entirely at liberty. By this he may show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment; we scarce see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask; one actor, particularly, by a squint

which he threw into some characters of low France life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, and though upon reflection we might condemn, yet England immediately, upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with.

To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays I have of late gone to see: In 'The Miser,' which was played a few nights ago at Covent Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies and turns one of them into the socket: it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The 'Mock Doctor' was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and

Scenery vociferation, he and the chair fall back together.

and All this appears dull enough in the recital, but
Costume the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the

the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But, instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing, through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once, or even twice, repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would

expose

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical properties, have been taken notice of by Riccoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several apparent improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprises us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury Lane. Our little pages, also, with

unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a Beauty a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in requisite waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty, methinks, seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and, for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural; for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity; and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress that might act the Wapping Landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger!

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, Alcander I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable and objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new-raised troops; but in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in a hospital of invalids.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Translated from a Byzantine Historian.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious

governors had monopolised.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one the most subtile reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philo-

sophy, thought at length of entering into the Septimius busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the

apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction with-out making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying

lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe

Alcander the conflict between love and friendship in the and breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or

prætor.

In the meantime Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold

to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his pur-Septimius chaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hard-ships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour

Alcander so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the and streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally induced a further inquiry; an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the

multitude was soon divided by another object. Septimius The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence, therefore, appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that,-No circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

(The sequel of this correspondence to be continued occasionally. I shall alter nothing either in the style or substance of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine.)

CRACOW, August 2, 1758.

My DEAR WILL,—You see, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When

A Philo- will my wanderings be at an end? When will vaga-bond the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Roumelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease everywhere but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his ease

The Prince of * * * has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The Prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake; thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and, out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness

and pusillanimity of its inhabitants: a prey to Polish every invader; their cities plundered without an misery enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Everything conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in strange disorder: when our equipage, which consists of the Prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with ecstasy, about twopence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than the men, on those occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold. These poor people, how-ever, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for them-selves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty.

Mauper- When they were treated with mildness, they

tuis no longer continued to perceive a superiority.

They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and their ideas; their ears and their shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments

fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast,) that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Yours, &c.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

MR. MAUPERTUIS, lately deceased, was the first to whom the English philosophers owed their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe. The romantic system of Des Cartes

was adapted to the taste of the superficial and Mauper-the indolent; the foreign universities had em-tuis braced it with ardour, and such are seldom convinced of their errors till all others give up such false opinions as untenable. The philosophy of Newton and the metaphysics of Locke appeared; but, like all new truths, they were at once received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true, studied, understood, and, consequently, admired them; it was very different on the Continent. Fontenelle, who seemed to preside over the republic of letters, unwilling to acknowledge that all his life had been spent in erroneous philosophy, joined in the universal disapprobation, and the English philosophers seemed entirely unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his study; he thought he might oppose the physics of his country, and yet still be a good citizen; he defended our countrymen, wrote in their favour, and, at last, as he had truth on his side, carried his cause. Almost all the learning of the English, till very lately, was conveyed in the language of France. The writings of Maupertuis spread the reputation of his master, Newton, and, by a happy fortune, have united his fame with

a nappy fortune, nave united his fame with that of our human prodigy.

The first of his performances, openly in vindication of the Newtonian system, is his treatise, entitled, 'Sur la figure des Astres,' if I remember right; a work at once expressive of a deep geometrical knowledge, and the most

Mauper- happy manner of delivering abstruse science with tuis ease. This met with violent opposition from a people, though fond of novelty in everything else, yet, however, in matters of science, attached to ancient opinions with bigotry. As the old and obstinate fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now seem more eager to defend Newton than even

his countrymen.

The oddity of character which great men are sometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. . . . Though born not entirely free from. . . . Though born to a large fortune, when employed in mathematical inquiries, he disregarded his person to such a degree, and loved retirement so much, that he has been more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the curates of Paris, when he retired to some private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagonists, if it can be depended upon, is much to his honour. "You," says this writer to Mr. Voltaire, "you were entertained by the King of Prussia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philosopher." It is certain, that the preference which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him. Voltaire could not bear to see a man, whose talents he had no bear to see a man, whose talents he had no great opinion of, preferred before him as president of the Royal Academy. His 'Micromegas' was designed to ridicule Maupertuis; and, probably, it has brought more disgrace on the author than the subject. Whatever absur- Mauperdities men of letters have indulged, and how tuis fantastical soever the modes of science have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

THE BEE

No. II.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759

On Dress

On Dress FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and, therefore, it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely

want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I can't fancy that a shop-keeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or,

that Miss in a boarding-school is more an econo- French mist in dress than Mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us.

They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to a general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and play-houses, are filled with ladies in uniform: and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste, as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels fast behind the lady of some quality, and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her granddaughter. A friend

Cousin of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the

Cousin of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the Hannah other day, with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligée. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some

years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words:—"After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a highheeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper struck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand, but the hand of time, these twenty years, rose suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rosebud, 'Quanto si mostra men tanto è più bella,' a female breast is generally thought more beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

"As my cousin had not put on all this finery

for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig,

she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to Cousin send home the footman. Though I trembled Jeffrey for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and

thus we marched on together.

"When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of the spectators upon each other. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffrey,' says Miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs!' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and, throwing my

The eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I could Company heartily wish, Madam,' replied I, 'that for your in the Park sake my muff was cut into a tippet.'

"As my cousin, by this time, was grown

"As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

"When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms; the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah: she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; 'and yet,' says she, 'it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. 'Observe,' says she to me, that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed

out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Miss Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; Ever-Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money, and as she considers that money was never so green and Mrs scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep Roundwhat she has to herself. She is ugly enough, about you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers to my own knowledge within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law; two waiting captains; a doctor; and a Scotch preacher, who had liked to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus, she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"'There goes Mrs Roundabout,-I mean the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in stiff gowns, are now taking sixpenny worth of tea at the White Conduit House. Odious puss! how she waddles along, with a train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To

Miss speak my mind, cousin Jeffrey, I never liked Mazzard those tails; for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then, you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

"'Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner; and might have had home custom if she had minded her business, but the girl was fond of finery, and instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on improving her appearance, and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.'

which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing; Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at

"My cousin was proceeding in her remarks,

this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hack-

ney coach at St. James's."

Some Particulars Relative to Charles XII. Charles Not Commonly Known. XII.

STOCKHOLM.

SIR,—I cannot resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that

I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes, in general, appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe that in Sweden highway robberies are not so much as heard of? For my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy-councillors of Providence; who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Hearkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into Charles justice, and make them practical philosophers XII. without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed, that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm; which, to take it altogether, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest

curiosities: it is an handsome, spacious building, Charles but, however, illy stored with the implements of XII. war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half-a-dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels, of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious, spoils of the two greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk

Charles over in raptures all the actions of their old vic-

XII. torious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations: but all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, who, he knew, intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had

incurred his displeasure, or what he had done Charles to have merited a blow. "A blow?" replied XII. Charles, "I don't remember anything of it: I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to

the ground."

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction. Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever showing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty—that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation! Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by advenof false grandeur, and measuring ment by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a

Charles story,—what is related of the journeys of this XII. prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of these journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the mis-fortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; "for you see," continued he, "if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the

saddle myself." This answer did not seem at Happi-all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly ness and drew his sword. In this the king was not much tution behindhand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the genfleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be pro-

I am, Sir, &c.

HAPPINESS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION.

vided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and I have been assured the king made him a

captain.

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth: thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit; and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still con-

A merry tinue! I find that age and knowledge only slave contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night,' or the cruelty of 'Barbara Allen.'

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment; and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise.

No reading or study had contributed to disen-Cardinal chant the fairy-land around him. Every thing de Retz furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensi-

furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature

seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction: the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he

Cardinal never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining de Retz in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, (being confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour; laughed at all the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is

to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its

ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of

the number of those good-natured creatures that 'Poor are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Dick' Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it "seeing life." If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the inter-cession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself.—"I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds."-"Ah, father!" cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure,) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog—you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter."—"Ah, father!" cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and

Mlle. my friend is now not only excessively good-

Clairon humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry-out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries; by the last we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

ON OUR THEATRES.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON, a celebrated actress at Paris, seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen upon any stage. Not perhaps that nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her, than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her, when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her first appearance is excessively engaging;

she never comes in staring round upon the com- Mlle. pany, as if she intended to count the benefits of Clairon the house, or at least to see, as well as be seen. Her eyes are always, at first, intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and she lifts them, by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the spectators. Her first speech, or at least the first part of it, is delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never set out together; but the one prepares us for the other. She sometimes begins with a mute, eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This observation, though it may appear of no importance, should certainly be adverted to; nor do I see any one performer (Garrick only excepted) among us, that is not, in this particular, apt to offend. By this simple beginning she gives herself a power of rising in the passion of the scene. As she proceeds, every gesture, every look, acquires new violence, till at last, transported, she fills the whole vehemence of the part, and all the idea of the poet all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately stretched out, and then drawn in again, as with the singing women at Sadler's Wells: they are employed with graceful variety, and every moment please with new and unexpected eloquence. Add to this, that their motion is generally from the shoulder; she never flourishes her hands while the upper part of her arm is motionless, nor has she the ridiculous appearance as if her elbows were pinned to her hips.

Advice to But, of all the cautions to be given our rising actresses, I would particularly recommend it to them never to take notice of the audience upon any occasion whatsoever; let the spectators applaud never so loudly, their praises should pass, except at the end of the epilogue, with seeming inattention. I can never pardon a lady on the stage, who, when she draws the admiration of the whole audience, turns about to make them a low curtsy for their applause. Such a figure no longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs Cibber. Suppose a sober tradesman, who once a-year takes his shilling's worth at Drury Lane, in order to be delighted with the figure of a queen—the queen of Sheba, for instance, or any other queen—this honest man has no other idea of the great but from their superior pride and impertinence: suppose such a man placed among the spectators, the first figure that presents on the stage is the queen herself, curtsying and cringing to all the company, how can he fancy her the haughty favourite of King Solomon the Wise, who appears actually more submissive than the wife of his bosom? We are all tradesmen of a nicer relish in this respect, and such conduct must disgust every spectator who loves to have the illusion of nature strong upon him. Yet, while I recommend to our actresses a

skilful attention to gesture, I would not have them study it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, will render their action formal; by too great an intimacy with this, they become stiff and affected. People seldom improve when they have no other model but them-actresses selves to copy after. I remember to have known a notable performer of the other sex, who made great use of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures I ever saw. I am told his apartment was hung round with looking-glass, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; and I will make bold to say he saw twenty very ugly fellows whenever he did so.

THE BEE.

No. III.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1759.

On the Use of Language.

Use of IT is usually said by grammarians, that the use anguage of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for

accepting them; men of middling stations are Wanting obliged to be content with presents something and less; while the beggar, who may be truly said getting to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater is that weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and should not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducements to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means Pity and relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in friendship such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it never can entertain both at once.

In fact pity, though it may often relieve, is but at best a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance; with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility I have seen it operate for half an hour together: but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others we give pounds; whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow who is now no

more. He was bred in a counting-house, and A story his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he at last considered that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?"

—"Want it, Sir," says the other, "if I did not want it, I should not have asked it."—"I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want money when they borrow, will always A story want money when they should come to pay.

To say the truth, Sir, money is money now;
and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of
the sea, for my part; and he that has got a
little, is a fool if he does not keep what he

has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, -you want a hundred guineas; and, pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?"-" If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented."-" Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me."--" Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend."-"And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? You know, my dear Sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend, when you choose a bit of dinner or so-You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then? Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had a fortune in her own

hands; and, as she had already made all the continued advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived, that No hankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery: his clothes flew piece by piece to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was, therefore, now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. But all this procured him no invitation: finding, therefore, the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he

Advice to thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his beggars appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace—whether in Kent Street, or the Mall-whether at the Smyrna or St Giles's,-might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress. You may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion—never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom ex-

pected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say that neither you nor Samson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company, that

man ought to be content with a bare covering, History since what is now so much his pride, was of Hypatia

formerly his shame.

In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition, what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

THE HISTORY OF HYPATIA.

Man, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and, though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science.

History Education completed what nature had begun,
of and made her the prodigy not only of her age,
but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural pene-tration and a passion for study! The boundless knowledge which, at that period of time, was required to form the character of a philosopher no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect, were quite familiar to her; and, to this knowledge, she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though, in the whole capital

famed for charms, there was not one who could Hypatia equal her in beauty, though in a city the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypatia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and, though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypatia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was a heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, which she so justly was possessed of, was, at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by of or, perhaps, desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians, with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect who, at that time, commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest dis-

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain: at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined, that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most indus-

trious inhabitants.

pleasure.

The affair was, therefore, brought before the

emperor. The patriarch complained of the ex- Hypatia cesses of the Jews, and the prefect, of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of Mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be

put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypatia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; whereJustice fore the populace were incited against her.

and Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of
those vile slaves by which men in power are too
frequently attended — wretches ever ready to
commit any crime which they hope may render
them agreeable to their employer,—this fellow,
I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited
for Hypatia, as she was returning from a visit,
at her own door, seized her as she was going in,
and dragged her to one of the churches called
Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman
manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her
remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypatia,
the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment
of ours.

On JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

Lysippus is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct,—Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a Generconduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. osity There is greatness in being generous, and there

conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in his satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in 'Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises

of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter; for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word *justice*: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of

Justice society can oblige us. This, I allow, is someand times the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined [as], that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue; and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps of cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of

our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably Gener-necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It osity is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render

us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings; but too frequently in our

commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper.

'The He refused to relieve the most apparent wretched-Griper' ness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct; by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of

the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of

one of the ancients, to a young man whom he Father saw giving away all his substance to pretended Freijo distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, you rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue; and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

Some Particulars relating to Father Freijo.

"Primus mortales tollere contra

Est oculos ausus, primusque assurgere contra."

—Lucr,

The Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the grossest ignorance in polite literature, especially in point of natural philosophy—a science so useful to mankind, that her neighbours have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to endeavour, by repeated experiments, to strike a light out of the chaos in which truth seemed to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect was so indifferent, that though they had discovered new worlds, they were at a loss to explain the phenomena of their own, and their pride so unaccountable, that they disdained to borrow from others that instruction

Father which their natural indolence permitted them not Freijo to acquire.

It gives me, however, a secret satisfaction to behold an extraordinary genius now existing in that nation, whose studious endeavours seem calculated to undeceive the superstitious, and instruct the ignorant,—I mean the celebrated Padre Freijo. In unravelling the mysteries of nature, and explaining physical experiments, he takes an opportunity of displaying the concurrence of second causes, in those very wonders which the

vulgar ascribe to supernatural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago in a small town of the kingdom of Valencia. Passing through at the hour of mass, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the parish church, which he found extremely crowded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than usual alacrity. The sun, it seems, which had been for some minutes under a cloud, had begun to shine on a large crucifix, that stood on the middle of the altar, studded with several precious stones. The reflection from these. and from the diamond eyes of some silver saints, so dazzled the multitude, that they unanimously cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" whilst the priest at the altar, with seeming consternation, continued his heavenly conversation. Padre Freijo soon dissipated the charm, by tying his handkerchief round the head of one of the statues, for which he was arraigned by the Inquisition; whose flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to escape.

THE BEE.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

Miscellaneous.

WERE I to measure the merit of my present Miscelundertaking by its success, or the rapidity laneous of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favourable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and every magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle, that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow-bell; and while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose.

Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten times as many readers. It is impossible to repeat all the agreeable delusions in which a disappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what my reputation wants in extent, is made up by its solidity. Minus juvat Gloria lata quam magna. I have great

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Miscel- satisfaction in considering the delicacy and dislaneous cernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him.

> Yet, notwithstanding so sincere a confession, I vas once induced to show my indignation against the public, by discontinuing my endeavours to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by burning my manuscript in a passion. Upon recollection, however, I considered what set or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, after so sad an accident, might shim next morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as before, and not a single creature feel any regret but myself.

I reflected upon the story of a minister, who, in the reign of Charles II., upon a certain occasion, resigned all his posts, and retired into the country in a fit of resentment. But, as he had not given the world entirely up with his ambition, he sent a messenger to town, to see how the courtiers would bear his resignation. Upon the messenger's return he was asked, whether the messenger's return ne was asked, whether there appeared any commotion at court? To which he replied, there were very great ones. "Ay," says the minister, "I knew my friends would make a bustle; all petitioning the king for my restoration, I presume?"—"No, Sir," replied the messenger, "they are only petitioning

his majesty to be put in your place." In the Miscelsame manner, should I retire in indignation, in Janeous stead of having Apollo in mourning, or the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having the learned world apostrophizing at my untimely decease,—perhaps all Grub Street might laugh at my fall, and self-approving dignity might never be able to shield me from ridicule. In short, I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them. If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O Posterity, to you I call, and from you I expect redress! What rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Daciers, and Warburtons of future times, commenting with admiration upon every line I now write, working away those ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit, with all the virulence of learned reproach. Ay, my friends, let them feel it: call names, never spare them; they deserve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified, at the command of another, to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical justice, and I shall be perfectly content if those who criticise me are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water, and obliged to run the gantlope through Paternoster Row. The truth is, I can expect happiness from Posterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with respect.

Yet, considering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was mistaken in designing my paper

Miscel- as an agreeable relaxation to the studious, or a laneous help to conversation among the gay; instead of addressing it to such, I should have written down to the taste and apprehension of the many, and sought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame, I now find, like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are so very polite as never to applaud upon any account. One of these, with a face screwed up into affectation, tells you, that fools may admire, but men of sense only approve. Thus, lest he should rise into rapture at any thing new, he keeps down every passion but pride and self-importance; approves with phlegm, and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of snuff. Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence in criticism and now becomes the evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full-grown reputation, shades off every beam of favour from those who endeavour to grow be-neath him, and keeps down that merit, which, but for his influence, might rise into equal eminence. While others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all but the business of the day, and read every thing new with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations, I was once deter-

mined to throw off all connections with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical

pamphlets, much more in vogue than probably Miscel-mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had laneous thoughts of changing the title into that of the ROYAL BEE, the ANTIGALLICAN BEE, or the BEE'S MAGAZINE. I had laid in a proper stock of popular topics, such as encomiums on the King of Prussia, invectives against the Queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of Blackfriars, and an address to Britons; the history of an old woman, whose teeth grew three inches long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P., and a journal of the weather. All this, ress, and a journal of the weather. All tins, together with four extraordinary pages of letter-press, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls. I was actually beginning an address to the people, when my pride at last overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavour to please by the goodness of my entertainment, rather than by the magnificence of my sign.

The Spectator, and many succeeding essayists, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the course of their lucubrations of the frequent encouragements they meet to inspire them with ardour, and increase their eagerness to please. I have received my letters as well as they; but, alas! not congratulatory ones—not assuring me of success and favour,— Miscel- but pregnant with bodings that might shake even laneous fortitude itself.

One gentleman assures me, he intends to throw away no more threepences in purchasing the Bee; and, what is still more dismal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighbourhood, which, it seems, is very numerous. Were my soul set upon threepences, what anxiety might not such a denunciation produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication: I write partly to show my good nature, and partly to show my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper; point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be true; but what is that to me? Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king: the wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title. Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.

For my part I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expense, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly, or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew Fair, found a perfect show before every

booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-A walker, and the salt-box, were all employed to invite him in. "Just a-going; the court of the King of Prussia in all his glory: pray, gentlemen, walk in and see." From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his money when he got in. He steps up, pays his sixpence, the curtain is drawn; when, too late, he finds that he had the best part of the show for nothing at the door.

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions, which, either too minute, or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number, the adventures of Robin Hood, the hunting of Chevy Chase, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong, among the English; of Kaul Dereg, among the Irish; and Creighton, among the Scots, are instances. Of all the traditions, however, I remember to have heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than one still current in Flanders; a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they bid them behave like Bidderman the Wise. It is by no means, however, a model to be set before a polite people for imitation; since if, on the one hand, we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism, we, on the other, find as

A strong a desire of revenge. But, to waive intro-Flemish duction, let us to the story.

When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state

of wretched dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt. Thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against

him, they were content with condemning him to Tradition

be publicly whipt as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge, as well as patriotism, took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But, conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness, that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing; and, by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was, therefore, the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigour of

A the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished Flemish with immediate death. The proof was direct in Tradition this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat bound with cords; the scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

> But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing everything in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and, whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that, to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

> "Oh, my countrymen!" cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?"—"Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

> Still, however, he was not content, till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city,

who condemned him. To effect this, he hired Sagacity a small house adjoining to the town wall, under of Insects which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means, he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered; the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

To the Author of the Bee.

Sir,—Animals, in general, are sagacious, in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of

The that sagacity, for which, when they are in a Spider social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious; and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which

the body is immediately furnished; but its net The to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly Spider trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread, when it begins to weave it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and, when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner, it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other whenever they happen to touch; and, in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the descrip-

The tion of this animal; what follows, is the result Spider of my own observation upon that species of the insect called an house spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and, though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking, that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became con-queror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what

was justly its own, it waited three days with the The utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its Spider web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and

dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another.

The When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock Spider seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself.

seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize

its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days.

At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but The at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out Spider of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, pre-

pared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the females, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall-to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its

prey, it dies at length of hunger.

Characteristics

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

In every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities—some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our inquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. Evenit nonnunquam, says Quintilian, ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper quarit quod nimium est.

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age: every person who should now leave received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest

models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its

timidity, and represses the vigour of every of Great-undertaking. Men are now content with being ness prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties; and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author who would be sublime, often runs his thoughts into burlesque: yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line: and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel, undiscouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves, perhaps, to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the Philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of those sagacious minds among

Charac- us (and surely no nation, or no period, could teristics ever compare with us in this particular), were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English; while our neighbours of the Continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper stores for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze,

probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of

and consume in port those powers which might

their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish; the

other impels us to superority, and calls nothing of Great-happiness but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world: the other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance: "Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala."—
TACIT.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

THE BEE.

No. V. -SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

UPON POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

Frugality

Political FRUGALITY has ever been esteemed a virtue as well among Pagans as Christians: there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge, that it is too modest a virtue, or if you will, too obscure a one, to be essential to heroism; few heroes have been able to attain to such an height. Frugality agrees much better with politics; it seems to be the base, the support, and, in a word, seems to be the inseparable companion of a just administration.

However this be, there is not, perhaps, in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English; and of consequence, there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasinesses of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood; our education is improperly directed, and a man who has gone through the politest institutions, is generally the

person who is least acquainted with the whole-Political some precepts of frugality. We every day Frugality hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented, not as the end and recompense of labour and desert, but as the actual result of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom them-selves even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessaries of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our virtues, and the most efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, how-ever, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press, and every other method of exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked, that those who in school wore the finest clothes, were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present, our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt, who

Political do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society;

disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess,

which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate, a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed, that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he should labour to make himself pleasing to his superiors; that he should shun low company (by which is meant the company of his equals), that he should rather live a little above than below his fortune: that he should think of becoming great; but he finds none to admonish him to become frugal, to persevere in one single design, to avoid every pleasure and all flattery, which however seeming to conciliate the favours of his superiors, never conciliate their esteem. There are none to teach him that the best way of becoming happy in himself, and useful to others, is to continue in the state in which fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected; and that they who most impatiently expect advancement, are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions; yet, this experience may say, that a young man, who, but for six years of the early part of his life, could

seem divested of all his passions, would certainly Frugality make, or considerably increase, his fortune, and might indulge several of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it might be accused of preach-

ing up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are described by some as men divested of honour, sentiment, or humanity: but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance at least is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers, are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus styled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil, that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth; those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing their admiration or praise: instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable, that the known expression Vir frugi signified, at one and the same time, a sober and

Political managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy; and it is everywhere distinguished from avarice. But, in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expense is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion, did I call it? rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor: even, some are so intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life, that they sacrifice

its necessaries in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude, those who have received a more extended education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this sub-ject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of some unnecessary expenses, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works, our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, &c .- what mummery all this! what childish pageants! what millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom! what an unnecessary charge at times when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burthening the poor!

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single Frugality

creature in the state would have the least cause to mourn their suppression, and many might be eased of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the Gazette de France, 1753, thus expressed himself on that subject: "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the custom were established amongst us, that in all events which cause a public joy, we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity, than all these tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed

by a Chinese emperor, who lived in the last century, who, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbade his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their substance, or of turning them to some more durable indications of joy, more glorious for him,

and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a certain court, who, receiving at his departure the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told that it might amount to about two Political thousand pounds,—"And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture, and give me the money?" This simplicity may be ridiculed at first: but when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society, who are useful only

from its corruption!

It were to be wished, that they who govern kingdoms would imitate artizans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society, if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavour to imitate the good to society that our neighbours are found to practise, and let our neighbours also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

There are some men, who, in their garden, attempt to raise those fruits which nature has adapted only to the sultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful; these are the fruits we should endeavour to transplant; these the exotics that

would speedily become naturalized to the soil. Frugality They might grow in every climate, and benefit

every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen, are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate, or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace-makers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice: "Follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either." If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and, as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is unnecessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save, were this law adopted. I am sensible, that the man who advises any reformation, only serves to make himself ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own!—our present

Political customs, what are they to any man; we are very happy under them! This must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade, without the necessary prerequisites of freedom! Such useless obstructions have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labour; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state, under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless faulty expenses among the workmen; clubs, garnishes, freedoms, and such-like impositions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which should be abolished without mercy, since they are ever the inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrages which naturally fall upon the more useful part of society. In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. Frugality In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Ant-

In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp, almost every second house seems an alehouse. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery, their fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with

dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess, and, either in a religious or political light, it would be our highest interest to have the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harbouring only proper persons. These rules, it may be said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad, would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and perhaps more equitably for the workman's family, spent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alehouses being ever open, interrupt business; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the master be sure of having what was begun finished at the convenient time.

An habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society, might, by proper management, be turned

Political into serviceable members; and, were their trades abolished, it is possible the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterises the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commend-

able prudence.

But some have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, if frugality were established in the state, if our expenses were laid out rather in the necessaries than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two, if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which, in reality, contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessaries must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but

not our means; and every new imported delicacy Frugality for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a

tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessaries, by which is always meant, every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has, therefore, its bounds; and every new import, instead of receiving encouragement, should be first examined whether it be conducive to the interest of society.

Among the many publications with which the press is every day burthened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Economical Journal, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in other countries, and spread those of our own. As other journals serve to amuse the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quarrel, while they only serve to give us the history of the mischievous world, for so I call our warriors, or the idle world, for so may the learned be called, they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind, our peasants and our artizans. Were such a work carried into execution, with proper management and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the

Political science of economy seems to have fixed its Frugality empire. In other countries, it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to become completely useful: but here there is founded a Royal Academy, destined to this purpose only, composed of the most learned and powerful members of the state; an academy which declines every-thing which only terminates in amusement, erudition, or curiosity, and admits only of observations tending to illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real physical improvement. In this country, nothing is left to private rapacity, but every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the state. Happy were it so in other countries! By this means, every impostor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries or nostrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, true economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this at present decried virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure brings effeminacy, idleness, and expense in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigal is too frequently found to be the greatest miser; so that the vices which seem the most opposite, are frequently found to

produce each other; and, to avoid both, it is A Reverie

"Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrinque reductum."
--Hor.

A REVERIE.

Scarce a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to these who, of all mankind, are most

apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with a handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up, and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved we only accept as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs

A us we do not merit, we receive with the same

Reverie gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame, seem resolved to part with praise neither from motives of justice or generosity; one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters

hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued; though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit, as well as applause, many among them are probably laying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.
As I was indulging these reflections, in order

to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor of going a journey in my imagination, and formed the following Reverie, too wild for allegory, and too regular for a

dream :---

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of waggons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read, "The Pleasure Stage Coach"; on another,
"The Waggon of Industry"; on a third, "The Vanity Whim"; and on a fourth, "The A Landau of Riches." I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another; but, I know not by what means, I passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance in the world; and, upon my nearer approach, found it to be "The Fame Machine."

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly goodnatured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber; that they made but indifferent company by the way; and that he once or twice was going to empty his berlin of the whole cargo: "however," says he, "I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr Pope, and am now returned for another coachful."—"If that be all, friend," said I, "and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the door; I hope the machine rides easy."-"Oh, for that, Sir, extremely easy." But, still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, Sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach hire." Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little A disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but conReverie sidering that I carried a number of the Bee under
my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes,
and dazzle him with the splendour of the page.
He read the title and contents, however, without
any emotion, and assured me he had never heard
of it before. "In short, friend," said he, now
losing all his former respect, "you must not
come in: I expect better passengers; but as you
seem a harmless creature, perhaps, if there be
room left, I may let you ride awhile for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door; and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word 'Inspector,' which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Lord, Sir!" replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West-India voyage. You are big enough, with all

your papers, to crack twenty stage-coaches. A Excuse me, indeed, Sir, for you must not enter." Reverie Our figure now began to expostulate: he assured the coachman that though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the Inspectors was sent to dance back again, with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when, in a few minutes, the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace and carrying nothing but a nosegay. Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stept in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadoon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person who after him appeared as candi date for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat, however, theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The A coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured Reverie him, at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful perusal of which none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed poet, "shall my tragedy, in which I have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue!——" "Follow nature," returned the other, "and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom, or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained admittance; but at present I beg, Sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching."

This was a very grave personage, whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved, and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that, in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once shoved them out again. "What! not take in my Dictionary?" exclaimed the other in a rage. "Be patient, Sir," replied the coachman, "I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one

dictionary during the whole time. That little A book which I perceive peeping from one of your Reverie pockets, may I presume to ask what it contains?"

—"A mere trifle," replied the author; "it is called the Rambler."—"The Rambler!" says the coachman, "I beg, Sir, you'll take your place; I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to the *Spectator*; though others have observed, that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarce seated, when another, whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to inquire the contents. "These," replied the gentleman, "are rhapsodies against the religion of my country."-"And how can you expect to come into my coach, after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?"—"Ay, but I am right," replied the other; "and if you give me leave, I shall, in a few minutes, state the argument."-" Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine."-" If, then," said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage, "if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my history met with applause."—" Yes," replied the coachman, "but I have heard only the first approved at the

A Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about Reverie you, enter, without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd who were pushing forward a person that seemed more inclined to the Stage-coach of Riches; but by their means he was driven forward to the "Fame Machine," which he, however, seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous history, and demanding admittance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned," says the coachman, "but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?"—"None," replied the other, "except a romance; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim future attention."—"You mistake," says the inquisitor, "a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais; and if you think fit, you may enter."

Upon our three literary travel'ers coming into he same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions. Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against

the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding 'High into opposite parties with them, they might throw Life below a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions, I was sensible, were very just: I therefore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers: but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down; but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away; and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE CALLED "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS,"

Just as I had expected, before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humour in every scene could not at last fail of being disagreeable. The poor affecting the manners of the rich might be carried on through one character, or two at the most, with great propriety; but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

'High The scene was also almost a continuation of

'High The scene was also almost a continuation of Life the same absurdity; and my Lord Duke and Stairs'. Sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to do but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which, perhaps, on the whole, have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough, or lively enough to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters ourselves; but probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics; and for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased at the happiness of those poor creatures, who, in some measure, contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and best-natured people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves; and if a person may judge, who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.

But, not to lift my feeble voice among the under the sun.

But, not to lift my feeble voice among the pack of critics, who, probably, have no other occupation but that of cutting up everything new,

I must own, there are one or two scenes that are Unfortufine satire, and sufficiently humorous; particularly nate the first interview between the two footmen, Merit which at once ridicules the manners of the great, and the absurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the composition, there were none in the action; in this the performers showed more humour than I had fancied them capable of. Mr Palmer and Mr King were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs Clive-(but what need I talk of her, since, without the least exaggeration, she has more true humour than any actor or actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen) -she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of. And, upon the whole, a farce, which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of nature, by the sprightly manner in which it was performed, was, for one night, a tolerable entertainment. This much may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

Every age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and to relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times he lives in. How many do we see, who might have Unfortu- excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem nate furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them except trifles to discover, while others of very moderate abilities become famous, because hap-

pening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the ancients either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he who had only an inventive genius, might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known, the learned set about imitating them: from hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians, in the reigns of Clement the Seventh and Alexander the Sixth. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till some began to find, that those works which were imitated from nature, were more like the writings of antiquity, than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natu-Merit ral for readers to become more indolent; from whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. From hence we see, that a desire of cultivating those arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus the finest statues and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the absolute decay of every other science. The statues of Antoninus, Commodus, and other contemporaries, are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronising painters and sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from the lord, who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his twopenny copperplate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their caresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produced their almost breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect!

Unfortu- But many of them lived without rewards, and nate therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves, not only without promotion, but in spite of opposition. We have often found them flourishing, like medicinal plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

> They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio, are sensible of the surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree, - all seems animated, and speak him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposi-

tion to each other.

Unknowing how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread.

Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journeys down into the country, without either

money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the wayside. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money,

he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted Merit it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravaggio, in order to bring him back. It was nightfall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravaggio lay dead by the roadside, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

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THE BEE.

No. VI.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

On Education. To the Author of the Bee.

SIR,—As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently On Edu cation written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising, that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity

upon a topic where his slightest deviations may On Edutend to injure posterity. However, such are cation the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just; and, at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us anything new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy this production.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right: if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth,—I have found by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said, that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in

But when I have said, that the boardingschools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them; otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his

On Edu- last resource in setting up a school. Do any cation become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilised people-could it be conceived that we have a regard for posterity, when such persons have a regard for posterity, when such persons are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia, or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or men whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people —a people whom, without flattery, I may in other respects term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But, while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the busi- On Eduness of a schoolmaster every way more respect- cation able, by increasing their salaries, and admitting

only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have already schoolmasters appointed, and they have small salaries; but where at present there is only one schoolmaster ap-pointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be augmented to an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to our own instructors, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary: and I will be bold enough to say, that school-masters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But, instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined; and, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two." It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would

On Edu- examine the abilities of the usher as well as the cation master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself, now and then, ridicule; the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences,—where the masters and jushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. Althoy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world: the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the com-

mission, is a just picture of the great world; and On Eduall the ways of men are practised in a public cation school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man, for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage, since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit,—plus occidit gula quam gladius. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr Locke, and some others, have advised, that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know, that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured, without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced, to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered, first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic discipline; had

the trial.

On Eduthey considered that these savages and peasants
cation are generally not so long lived as those who have
led a more indolent life; that the more laborious
the life is, the less populous is the country:
had they considered, that what physicians call
the stamina vita, by fatigue and labour become
rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the
numbers who survive those rude trials, bears no
proportion to those who die in the experiment.
Had these things been properly considered, they
would not have thus extolled an education begun

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though never so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea water, but they unfortunately all died under

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever

expect to be useful members of society. It is On Edutrue, lectures continually repeated upon this cation subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and, at last, conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth; where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became Lord Mayor—how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a

On Edu- hundred others, where frugality is the only good cation quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region: Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos. We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and

amusement: the different sorts of the phos- On Edu-phorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, elec-cation tricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age. or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect.

On Edu- In history, such stories alone should be laid cation before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, at present, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys who seem to want spirit, become at length more shining men; and at school generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a per-fect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such an institution. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue, or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the lan- On Eduguage he speaks in, will be more apt to silence cation opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while

our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens: the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things,—the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus a child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

On Edu- As I deliver my thoughts without method or cation connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for the future.

> To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make On Eduthe learning of the languages agreeable to his cation pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable, truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers,—I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading

Worldly in his own defence; and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, who had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur.

An alehouse keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for

the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion Grandeur

of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a

pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure, which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia his son, said with a smile, Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuum. "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette: her lovers

Worldly must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and perhaps at last be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense: her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools!" he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my

Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive anything that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment, and instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of four-teen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took

it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe Grandeur the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop: and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the

Aca- important pigmy moves forward, bustling and demies swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago, the herring fishery employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring fishery.

Some Account of the Academies of Italy.

There is not, perhaps, a country in Europe, in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies instituted for its support. There is scarce a considerable town in the whole country, which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned, as they are pleased to call themselves, meet to harangue, to compli-

ment each other, and praise the utility of their of Italy institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs or academies, which amount to five hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academies of Bologna, for instance, are divided into the Abbandonati, the Ausiosi, Ociosio, Arcadi, Confusi, Dubbiosi, &c. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarce a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies, I know of none whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they were written, except the Cicalata Academica—or, as we might express it, the Tickling Society-of Florence. I have just now before me a manuscript oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli at that society, which will at once serve to give a better picture of the manner in which men of wit amuse themselves in that country, than anything I could say upon the occasion. The oration is this:

"The younger the nymph, my dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seventeen you are sure of finding love for love; from seventeen to twenty-one, there is always a mixture of interest and affection. But when that period is past, no longer expect to receive, but to buy-no longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells, her favours. At this age, every glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a sigh without design; the lady, like a skilLucretia ful warrior, aims at the heart of another, while and she shields her own from danger.

"On the contrary, at fifteen you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence, and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems seated in the lips; the dear object feels present happiness, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smiles are borrowed from the Graces, and her very mistakes seem to complete her desires.

"Lucretia was just sixteen. The rose and lily took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty and so much virtue seldom want admirers. Orlandino, a youth of sense and merit, was among the number. He had long languished for an opportunity of de-claring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness, brought the charming young couple by mere accident to an arbour, where every prying eye, but that of love, was absent. Orlandino talked of the sincerity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his addresses; but it was all in vain. The nymph was preengaged, and had long devoted to heaven those charms for which he sued. 'My dear Orlandino,' said she, 'you know I have been long dedicated to St Catherine, and to her belongs all that lies below my girdle; all that is above, you may freely possess, but farther I cannot, must not, comply. The vow is passed; I wish it were undone, but now it is impossible.' You may conceive, my companions, the embarrassment our young lovers felt upon this occasion. Orlandino They kneeled to St Catherine, and though both despaired, both implored her assistance. Their tutelar saint was entreated to show some expedient, by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was sincere. St Catherine was touched with compassion; for lo, a miracle! Lucretia's girdle unloosed, as if without hands; and though before bound round her middle, fell spontaneously down to her feet, and gave Orlandino the possession of all those beauties which lay above it."

THE BEE.

No. VII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

OF ELOQUENCE.

Of Eloquence

F all kinds of success, that of an orator is the most pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence the victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator; the audience is moved; the antagonist is defeated; and the whole

circle bursts into unsolicited applause.

The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing, that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions; and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, some of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used. I say only some, for a folio volume could not contain all the figures which have been used by the truly eloquent; and scarce a good

speaker or writer but makes use of some that are Of Elopeculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is sensibly touched, sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus, in every language, the heart burns; the courage is roused; the eyes sparkle; the spirits are cast down; passion inflames, pride swells, and pity sinks the soul. Nature everywhere speaks in those strong images, which, from their frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagina-tion, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus, a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, "Whither do you run? the enemy are not there! You have been told that the caliph is dead; but God is still living. He regards the brave, and will reward the courageous. Advance!"

A man, therefore, may be called eloquent, who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is Of Elo-moved himself, into the breast of another; and this quence definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved, is the sentiment and passion to be transferred; and he who effects this, is truly possessed of the talent of

eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done, as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent those passages which are truly eloquent and dictated by nature from being blended with others which might disgust, or at least abate our

passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements; the words arise as readily to paint our emotions as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel, only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you, that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as if by inspiration. To pretend

that cold and didactic precepts will make a man Of Eloeloquent is only to prove that he is incapable of quence

eloquence.

But, as in being perspicuous, it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed, which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to affect the hearers in any great degree without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the art to inspire their readers with a passion for virtue, without being virtuous themselves, since it may be answered, that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they are writing. They felt the inspiration strongly, while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature; but, unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, that we can move without being moved, as we can convince without being convinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves: a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray, for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood; but our passions are not easily imposed upon,—our eyes, our ears, and every sense, are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true,

Of Elo- has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to quence men of sensibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing, since it is impossible to be one without feeling the other. From hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is usually called sublimity of style, seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words, but in the subject; and in great concerns, the more simply anything is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style; the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher, and yet what was ever more sublime? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience:—"Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all—that the heavens were opening over our heads—that time was passed, and eternity begun—that Jesus Christ in all His glory, that Man of Sorrows, in all His glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life, or death eternal! Let me ask, impressed with

terror like you, and not separating my lot from Of Eloyours, but putting myself in the same situation quence in which we must all one day appear before God, our judge,—let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make that terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest number would be saved? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, would He find ten just persons in this great assembly? Monsters of ingratitude! would He find one?" Such passages as these are sublime in every language. The expression may be less speaking, or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

Of what use, then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head, both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid anything low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is

Of Elo- intended not to assist those parts which are quence sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlightened judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who, with the most pretty gentlemanlike serenity, deliver their cool discourses, and address the reason of men who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of beings self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian Controversy, and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he says, he earns, however, among his acquaintance, the character of a man

of sense; among his acquaintance only, did Of Elo-I say? nay, even with his bishop. quence The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action, -the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have one,—the enforcements of religion; and yet those who should push this motive home to their hearts, are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant: but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Were they to speak to a few calm, dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in selfinterest or fear.

How, then, are such to be addressed? Not by studied periods, or cold disquisitions; not by the labours of the head, but the honest spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods, and all the harmony of elegant expression — neither

Of Elo- reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberaquence tion—neither pleasing with metaphor, simile, or
rhetorical fustian—neither arguing coolly, and
untying consequences united in à priori, nor
bundling up inductions à posteriori—neither
pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can
persuade the poor. Writing a discourse coolly
in the closet, then getting it by memory, and
delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do.
What, then, is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak-to speak at once intelligibly expedient to speak—to speak at once intelligibly and feelingly—except to understand the language: to be convinced of the truth of the object—to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view—to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience—and to do the rest extempore. By this means, strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style, will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences, but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view: all this, strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience, will furnish to every orator; and without these, a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of sound sense; he may make his hearers admire his understanding, but will seldom enlighten theirs.

When I think of the Methodist preachers

among us, how seldom they are endued with Of Elocommon sense, and yet how often and how quence justly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself, had these been bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the meanest share of understanding, what might they not effect; Did our bishops, who can add dignity to their expostulations, testify the same fervour, and entreat their hearers, as well as argue, what might not be the consequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion; first, from seeing its professors honoured here, and next, from the consequences hereafter. At present the enthusiasms of the poor are opposed to law; did law conspire with their enthusiasms, we should not only be the happiest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts, governed by reason, among the great, is the most indissoluble, the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own decrees that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, has had its enthusiasms, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their Kalokagathia, the Romans their Amor Patria, and we the truer and firmer bond of the Protestant Religion. The principle is the same in all: how much, then, is it the duty of those whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion,

Of Elo- to enforce its obligations, and to raise those quence enthusiasms among people, by which alone political society can subsist?

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved by men who get into the pulpit rather to show their parts than convince us of the truth of what they deliver; who are painfully correct in their style, musical in their tones; where every sentiment, every expression, seems the result of meditation and

deep study.

Tillotson has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence: thus far he should be imitated, where he generally strives to convince rather than to please; but to adopt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious discussions, which serve to amuse only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind—to praise the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be spoken—to continue his cool phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth,—is certainly erroneous. As I said before, the good preacher should adopt no model, write no sermons, study no periods; let him but understand his subject, the language he speaks, and be convinced of the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach! This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe-that is described by the

torrent, the flame, and every other instance of Custom

irresistible impetuosity.

But to attempt such noble heights, belongs Laws only to the truly great, or the truly good. To discard the lazy manner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons by rote; to set up singly against the opposition of men who are attached to their own errors, and to endeavour to be great, instead of being prudent, are qualities we seldom see united. A minister of the Church of England, who may be possessed of good sense, and some hopes of preferment, will seldom give up such substantial advantages for the empty pleasure of improving society. By his present method he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependants, not displeasing to his bishop; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager asserter of his mission: he will hardly, therefore, venture all this, to be called, perhaps, an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when, by such a conduct, he only singles himself out for their contempt.

CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

What, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state, than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Custom Montesquieu, who asserts that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present King of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance (for the Roman expressly asserts, that the state is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws), it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely, and see whether a state, which, like England, is burdened with a multiplicity of written laws, or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom and the determination of the judge, is best

the judge, is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written law, we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom, or the traditional observance of the practice of their forefathers, was what of the practice of their forefathers, was what directed the Romans, as well in their public as private determinations. Custom was appealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, where part of the formulary was more majorum. So Sallust, speaking of the expulsion of Tarquin, says, mutato more, and not lege mutata; and Virgil, pacisque imponere morem. So that, in those times of the empire in which the people retained their liberty, they were governed by custom; when they sunk into oppression and tyranny, they were restrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition abolished. the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a and victory, it will not be amiss to fortify the argu- Laws ment with an observation of Chrysostom's—that "The enslaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom." Custom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and observed with a willing obedience. The observance of it must, therefore, be a mark of freedom; and coming originally to a state from the reverenced founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to it in the defence of that blessing: but a conquered people, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this freedom, or these happy distinctions; having, by degeneracy, lost all right to their brave forefathers' free institutions, their masters will in policy take the for-feiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by giving laws, which may every moment serve to remind the people enslaved of their conquerors: nothing being more dangerous than to trust a late subdued people with old customs, that pre-sently upbraid their degeneracy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic in their veneration for custom, and backwardness to introduce a new law, was perhaps the cause of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have set the world so many examples. But to show in what that wisdom consists, it may be proper to observe, that the benefits of new-written laws are merely confined to the consequences of their observance; but customary

Custom laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of their virtues as well as policy. To this may be ascribed the religious régard the Romans paid to their fore-fathers' memory, and their adhering for so many ages to the practice of the same virtues; which nothing contributed more to efface than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of custom, give an air of majesty and immutability that inspires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; whence must necessarily arise

neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, so laws must necessarily be liable to the same inconveniences, and their defects soon discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But, let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary; yet, if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confesses byends and private motives, the disgust to the circumstances disposes us, unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itself: but we are indulgently blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded

that our wise forefathers had good reason for and what they did; and though such motives no Laws longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we don't know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers speak: "Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest, et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet, aliaquin multa ex his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur."

Those laws which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws, in this respect which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

From hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the state rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing; acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties.

Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLING CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Middle OF all the follies and absurdities which this Class great metropolis labours under, there is not one, I believe, at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light than the pride and luxury of the middling class of people. Their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances, is daily — nay, hourly—instanced, by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, and gamingtables, brothels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer or a tallow-chandler, sneak from behind the compter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharping man of quality, while his industrious wife is selling a pennyworth of sugar, or a pound of candles, to support her fashionable spouse in his extrava-

gances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure which happened to me the other day at Epsom races, where I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets, or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an Englishman. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical group, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and

dressed in all the elegance of those polite gentry Pride and who come to show you they have a little money, Luxury and rather than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back; when, to my no small surprise, I beheld in this gay Narcissus the visage of Jack Varnish, an humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray, Sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing recommendable in a tradesman: and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife) when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken. his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a gaol. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may

Sabinus never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose clifts are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension. Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By uncautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the and gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; Olinda the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was,—the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to

disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions: the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remon-strance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers, with indignation, which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such Sabinus a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction, and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of re-proaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself; that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased but his sympathising with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur: they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform

them that Ariana was dead, and that her will,

in favour of a very distant relation, who was now and in another country, might easily be procured and Olinda burnt, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir-at-law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and, falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow, for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovoked injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue: she therefore reassumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment, Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana; who, dying soon after, left them in

On the possession of a large estate, and, in her last Opera moments, confessed that virtue was the only part of true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

The rise and fall of our amusements pretty much resemble that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such vigour; the next they decay away without any reason that can be assigned for their downfall. Some years ago, the Italian opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the playhouses dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets listed themselves in the opposition: at present the house seems deserted, the castrati sing to empty benches; even Prince Vologeso himself, a youth of great expectations, sings himself out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpose.

To say the truth, the opera, as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amusement; in other countries the decorations are entirely magnificent, the singers all excellent, and the burlettas, or interludes, quite entertaining; the best poets compose the words, and the best masters the music. But with us it is otherwise: the decorations are but trifling and cheap; the singers, Matei only excepted, but indifferent. Instead of interlude, we have those sorts of

skipping dances, which are calculated for the in galleries of the theatre. Every performer sings England his favourite song, and the music is only a medley of old Italian airs. or some meagre modern

capricio.

When such is the case, it is not much to be wondered if the opera is pretty much neglected. The lower orders of people have neither taste nor fortune to relish such an entertainment; they would find more satisfaction in the "Roast Beef of Old England" than in the finest closes of an eunuch; they sleep amidst all the agony of recitative. On the other hand, people of fortune or taste can hardly be pleased, where there is a visible poverty in the decorations, and an entire want of taste in the composition.

Would it not surprise one, that when Metastasio is so well known in England, and so universally admired, the manager or the composer should have recourse to any other operas than those written by him? I might venture to say, that "written by Metastasio," put up in the bills of the day, would alone be sufficient to fill an house, since thus the admirers of sense as well

as sound might find entertainment.

The performers also should be entreated to sing only their parts, without clapping in any of their own favourite airs. I must own, that such songs are generally to me the most disagreeable in the world. Every singer generally chooses a favourite air, not from the excellency of the music, but from the difficulty; such songs are generally chosen as surprise rather than please,

On the where the performer may show his compass, his Opera breadth, and his volubility.

From hence proceed those unnatural startings, those unmusical closings, and shakes lengthened out to a painful continuance; such, indeed, may show a voice, but it must give a truly delicate ear the utmost uneasiness. Such tricks are not music; neither Corelli nor Pergolesi ever permitted them, and they begin even to be discontinued in Italy, where they first had their rise.

And, now I am upon the subject, our composers also should affect greater simplicity—let their bass cliff have all the variety they can give it,—let the body of the music (if I may so express it) be as various as they please; but let them avoid ornamenting a barren groundwork, let them not attempt, by flourishing, to cheat us

of solid harmony.

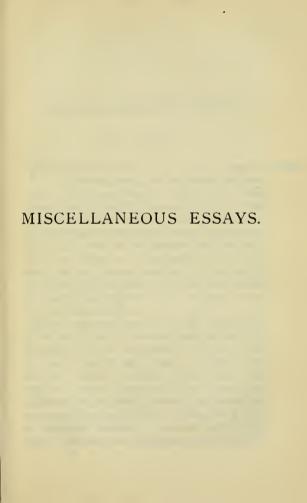
The works of Mr Rameau are never heard without a surprising effect. I can attribute it only to this simplicity he everywhere observes, insomuch that some of his finest harmonies are often only octave and unison. This simple manner has greater powers than is generally imagined; and were not such a demonstration misplaced, I think, from the principles of music, it might be proved to be most agreeable.

But to leave general reflection; With the

present set of performers, the operas, if the conductor thinks proper, may be carried on with some success, since they have all some merit, if not as actors, at least as singers. Signora Matei is at once both a perfect actress and a very fine singer. She is possessed of a fine sensibility in in her manner, and seldom indulges those extrava- England gant and unmusical flights of voice complained of before. Cornacini, on the other hand, is a very indifferent actor—has a most unmeaning face—seems not to feel his part—is infected with a passion of showing his compass; but to recompense all these defects, his voice is melodious—he has vast compass, and great volubility—his swell and shake are perfectly fine, unless that he continues the latter too long. In short, whatever the defects of his action may be, they are amply recompensed by his excellency as a singer; nor can I avoid fancying that he might make a much greater figure in an oratorio than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain. Whether a discontinuance of such entertainments would be more to the loss or the advantage of the nation, I will not take upon me to determine, since it is as much our interest to induce foreigners of taste among us on the one hand, as it is to discourage those trifling members of society who generally compose the operatical

dramatis persona, on the other.



THE ELD THROUGH SERVIS

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Essays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the bookseller's aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The public were too strenuously employed with their own follies to be assiduous in estimating mine: so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times—the Ghost in Cock Lane, or the siege of Ticonderago.

But though they have past pretty silently into the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have indeed been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these Essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by

Preface different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philantos, Philalethes, Philalutheros, and Philanthropos. These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions, and, to flatter me more, have always taken my errors on themselves.

It is time, however, at last, to vindicate my claims; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for some years, let me now try if I cannot live a little upon myself. I would desire, in this case, to imitate the fat man whom I have somewhere read of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed by famine, were taking slices from his posteriors to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself.

Yet, after all, I cannot be angry with any who have taken it into their heads to think that whatever I write is worth reprinting, particularly when I consider how great a majority will think it scarce worth reading. Trifling and superficial are terms of reproach that are easily objected, and that carry an air of penetration in the observer. These faults have been objected to the following Essays; and it must be owned, in some measure, that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphysical, had I thought fit; but I would ask, whether, in a short Essay, it is not necessary to be superficial? Before we have prepared to enter into the depths of a subject in the usual forms, we

have got to the bottom of our scanty page, and Preface thus lose the honours of a victory by too tedious

a preparation for the combat.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which, I fear, will not be so easily pardoned. It will be alleged, that the humour of them (if any be found) is stale and hackneyed. This may be true enough, as matters now stand; but I may with great truth assert, that the humour was new when I wrote it. Since that time, indeed, many of the topics, which were first started here, have been hunted down, and many of the thoughts blown upon. In fact, these Essays were considered as quietly laid in the grave of oblivion; and our modern compilers, like sextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the public, they can, as yet, have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull Essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull Essays. Thus far we are at least upon par, and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single inch of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent; and as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent, upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon Posterity.

ESSAY I. A DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

Various I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works), that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's Coffee-house, and damn the nation, because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum Club in Ivy Lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields, either at Bedlam or the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town, may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman, who comes to live in London, finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with

such indifferent success. I spent a whole season Clubs v in the search; during which time my name had been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement: to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribands to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper; for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste,—I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun,

from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had for some time begun upon business. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who have taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr Spriggins

Various for a song. I was upon this whispered by one of the company, who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain, and instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an Odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, "Bravo! Encore!" and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the ardour of my approbation; and whispering, told me that I had suffered an immense loss, for had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Gee-ho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner, by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow; but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with

a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, Clubs was giving us the "Softly sweet in Lydian measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welsh dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy; after that came on "Old Jackson," with a story between every stanza: next was sung the "Dust Cart," and then "Solomon's Song." The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest; one begged to be heard while he gave "Death and the Lady" in high taste; another sang to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges. Nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, till the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives: never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. "Drunk out!" was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: "Drunk out already!" that was very odd! that so much punch could be drunk out already impossible! The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances. the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been

Various describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented, which he fancied would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth, nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion, or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds-men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company-for though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach—but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration, from the solemnity of the scene before me: the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth, and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with mean-

ing, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth: every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak;

but it was only to spit. At length resolving to Clubs break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence—for to this I imputed their silence—I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me; to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good: my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me, by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory fourpence, and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body

Various else usually does on his club night; we discussed the topic of the day; drank each other's healths; snuffed the candles with our fingers; and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner: Mr Bellows-mender hoped Mr Curry-combmaker had not caught cold going home the last club night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Dr Twist told us a story of a parliament-man, with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock Lane; he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him, Mr Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew Pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part of the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word

for word, as it was spoken by every member of Clubs the company. It may be necessary to observe that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, Sir, d'ye perceive me? the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post—Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high-a damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not, that-Silence for a song! Mr Leathersides for a song-'As I was a-walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel,'—Then, what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost—Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus—the whole way from Islington-turnpike to Dog-house bar—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he's damn'd low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he-For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can -Damme, if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliamentman, a man of consequence, a dear honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at —Death and damnation upon all his posterity, by simply barely tasting-Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing: a fox once—Will nobody listen to the song?— 'As I

Various was a-walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay,'—No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a—My blood and soul if I don't—Mr Bellows-mender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health—Blast me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whiz—blid—tit—rat—trip''—

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something

so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced the following night to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured: for my Lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room: but the delusion soon vanished, when the waiter came to apprise us that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu, now, all confidence; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless

of pleasing any but our new guests; and what Clubs, before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms; he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass-seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postillion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain: de la colon de la colon

Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose.

The last club in which I was enrolled a member, was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a-week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not, indeed, about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the -company, the offer of the thing of the grant

Various During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members of observing the laws, and also the members of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

I. We, being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week

philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week about religion and priest-craft; leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and sound sense: and if so be, that any other person have a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in

punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting threepence,

to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all

fines shall he paid in punch.

IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the President, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society: the President has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club; particu-

larly, the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, Clubs

which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some

outlandish name in the newspapers.

SAUNDERS MACWILD, President.
Anthony Blewit, Vice-President.
his † mark.
WILLIAM TURPIN, Secretary.

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ESSAY II

SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIA-TURE

A Maga-zine Eessayists, who are allowed but one sub-ject at a time, are by no means so fortu-nate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the Ghost in Cock Lane; if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an Eastern tale: tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather. The reader, like the sailor's horse, when he begins to tire, has at least the com-

fortable refreshment of having the spur changed.
As I see no reason why these should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts for the future of making my essays a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my feuille volant with pictures coloured to the perfection. But to begin in the usual form,—

A Modest Address to the Public in behalf of the Infernal Magazine.

The public has been so often imposed upon in Miniaby the unperforming promises of others, that it is ture with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design to give the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour and regard, and, therefore, to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the Infernal Magazine, would be unworthy the public; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings: we are all gentlemen, and therefore are resolved to sell our magazine for sixpence merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the INFERNAL MAGAZINE.

Dedication ; to the Tripoline Ambassador.

May it please your Excellency:-As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly

A Maga- at your Excellency's toe; and should our zine labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour by,

May it please your Excellency,
Your most devoted humble servants,
The Authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A Speech spoken in the Political Club at Cateaton, not to declare War against Spain.

My honest friends and brother politicians,— I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to-day they fall, and you are again miserable. But my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense, then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over

us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps in Miniawe may at last get money ourselves, and set ture beggars at work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes, that "Æs in præsenti perfectum format"; that is, "Ready money makes a man perfect." Let us then, to become perfect men, get ready money, and let them that will spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

Rules for Behaviour, drawn up hy an Indigent Philosopher.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself as usual upon the corner of some chair in a corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse. It is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation, ignorance of music, or a bad voice. This is a very good rule.

very good rule.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy: I was dis-

inherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public; the spectators that are not as merry as you will hate you, either

A Maga- because they envy your happiness, or fancy themzine selves the subject of your mirth.

> Rules for Raising the Devil. Translated from the Latin of Danus de Sortiariis, a writer contemporary with Calvin, and one of the Reformers of our Church.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark, in some unseen place, either under the eye-lid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this, he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The devil instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding, upon occasion, through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, viz. to ask them, in proper form, What

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method is the most certain to propagate the faith in Miniaover all the world? To this they are not per-ture mitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

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ESSAY III

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Asem, AN EASTERN TALE; OR A VINDICATION OF THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD

Asem WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature: on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem, the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had

formerly relieved; and made his application Asem with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew,-namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched, with danger and toil, from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independent of his fellow-

creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful!" he often cried, "is Nature! how lovely even in her wildest Asem scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with you awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility: from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise; but man, vile man, is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man, is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?" mile ut an most pountial une mark

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose: he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the Genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Asem Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead: in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself, with his celestial guide, in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the Genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great Prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects, it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so

Asem lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings

without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla! who hast at length heard my petitions: this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O, for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!"

"Cease thine exclamations," replied the Genius. "Look around thee: reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive

animals, which only prey on the other parts of Asem the creation."—" Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the Genius, smiling. "But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other, and, indeed, for obvious reasons; for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels, that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action."—" Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at

Asem first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers."—"But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect."—"Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the Genius, smiling; "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice."—
"I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem: "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves.

these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator: what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society

But let us no longer observe the duty of man to

of some of the wisest men: there is scarce any Asem pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? each intuitively peruse is such wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That indeed is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the Genius: "flattery or curiosity are vicious

Asem motives, and never allowed of here! and wisdom

is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own sub-sistence; each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarcely spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and in the most deplorable distress seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consump-tion. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying: "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with."
"They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem—"and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before; —all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of

their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem," re- Asem plied the Guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom: the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country pre-ferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here: thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for per-haps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of

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Asem the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water side in tranquillity; and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain: and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

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ESSAY IV.

A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN IN EASTCHEAP.

THE improvements we make in mental ac- At the quirements only render us each day more Boar's sensible of the defects of our constitution; with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth: endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be

as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age: but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man in every season is a poor fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times but by endeavouring to forget them; for if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction; I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible: and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer. 199

At the The character of old Falstaff, even with all Boar's his faults, gives me more consolation than the Head most studied efforts of wisdom. I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure, I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? — Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone—I give you to the winds! Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakespear, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boer's-Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted; and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the Prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time; the watchman

had gone twelve; my companions had all stolen At the off: and none now remained with me but the Boar's landlord. From him I could have wished to Head know the history of a tavern, that had such a long succession of customers; I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and though he said nothing, yet was never silent. One good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance; his cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"My dear Mrs Quickly," cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), "I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs?

At the Brave and hearty, 1 hope?"—"In good sooth," Boar's replied she, "he did deserve to live for ever; but Head he maketh foul work on't where he hath flitted.

Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus."

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject, and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days: "Ah, Mrs Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable, than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever since that we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable; when men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms. All are degenerated, Mrs Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be frittered away into beaux or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body—your soul, I mean. Why, our very

nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in At the spite of what is every day remonstrated from the Boar's press—our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Prithee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion; "of neat device, and excellent workmanship: in this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passed here; and I have wilhom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards."—" None of your wilhoms or eftsoons, Mrs Quickly, if you please," I replied; "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the connatural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best you have neither too much sense, nor too much language to spare; so give me both as well as you can: but first, my service to you; old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied

At the the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory; for, Boar's believe me, Mr Rigmarole, believe me, a woman Head with a butt of sack at her elbow is never longlived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent, (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now), he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house, upon condition that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued for several years to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent; but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drunk over-night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't? The very next day Doll Tear-sheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were after-wards utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck

to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of At the something comfortable, and fairly left my body Head to the care of the beadle.

"Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly; the vices of an uncivilised people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent as those in polite society. It is the same luxury, which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle: it is the same low ambition, that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister: it is the same vanity, that formerly stained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth like brickdust, in order to appear frightful: your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plasters it with hog's lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind

"Sure the woman is dreaming," interrupted I. "None of your reflections, Mrs Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell

At the me your history at once. I love stories, but hate Boar's reasoning."

Head

"If you please, then, Sir," returned my companion, "I'll read you an abstract, which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now.

"My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery: instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new: virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors—and maintained them in opulence and ease.—These, these were happy times, Mr Rigmarole! these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!"

"Not so very happy, neither, good Madam; At the pretty much like the present,—those that labour Boar's starve, and those that do nothing wear fine clothes and live in luxury."

"In this manner the fathers lived for some years without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who assured the gentleman that it was the devil who put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea, then, do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the

At the justice of the times. The prior threw down his Boar's glove, and the injured husband was obliged to Head take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge.

"Upon this the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders .--These, these were the times, Mr Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us!"

"I rather fancy, Madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law, since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his At the

partiality."

At the Boar's Head

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, how gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were buried in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on

the present occasion.

"Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors. In short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady, whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense; for upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and when she seemed to speak, everybody that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in deter-

At the mining who it could be that bewitched her.

Boar's The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior; that by his command he resided in his present habitation, and that without his command he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms: the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by, who heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses: the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn.—These were times, Mr Rigmarole! the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!"

"Equally faulty with ourselves, they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil."

"After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern.

The king conferred it on one of his cast At the mistresses; she was constituted landlady by Boar's royal authority; and as the tavern was in the Head neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a-day.

"But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity, she generally improved good humour by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blind-

At the man's-buff in the parlour; and when the young Boar's folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles Head when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, and shot at butts; while miss held in her hand a ribbon, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental quali-fications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered: a monstrous ruff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. -These were the times, Mr Rigmarole! when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit!"

"I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which dis-

cover too much; I am equally an enemy to a female dunce or a female pedant."

"You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own: she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for

hunting and drinking, who had given several At the proofs of his great virility among the daughters Boar's of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign, whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father-confessor, from a principle of conscience, removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

"Under the care of this lady the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking: drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious, age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar, than now. A courtier has been known to

At the spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king Boar's to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs, in this room, drunk before the entertainment was half concluded .- These were the times, Sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now."—

"Lord! Mrs Quickly" (interrupting her), "I expected to have heard a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices! prithee let me entreat thee, once more, to waive reflections, and give thy history without deviation."

"No lady upon earth," continued my visionary correspondent, "knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of these times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court bawd of those times resembled the common low-lived

harridan of a modern bagnio. Witness, ye At the powers of debauchery, how often I have been Boar's present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality! A tavern is the true picture of human infirmity: in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern, we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

"Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII., gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St Paul's Cathedral, but the fine image of St Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you, then, any cause to regret being born in the times you now live? or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement or dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

At the "The last hostess of note I find upon record, Boar's was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled, that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins, was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times: the fascination of a lady's eyes at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady, formerly, should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all. In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft; and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose: she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly. — These were times, indeed, when even women could not scold in safety!

"Since her time, the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs, and the next, infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was At the in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. Boar's This only may be remarked, in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are

then most extravagant and luxurious."—
"Lord! Mrs Quickly!" interrupted I,
"you have really deceived me; I expected a
romance, and here you have been this half
hour giving me only a description of the spirit
of the times: if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories."

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room,

and the second second

ESSAY V.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

A Strolling Player

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed, by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and at last ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, Sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me."—"Yes, Sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England, as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show: last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled,

beat each other, and parted; he to sell his A puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Strolling Lane, and I to starve in St James's Park."

"I am sorry, Sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties."—
"Oh, Sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand ayear I should be very merry; and, thank the fates! though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now; and I will treat you again, when I find

you in the Park in love with eating, and with-out money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly ad-journed to a neighbouring alehouse, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, Sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

A He therefore now fell-to, and his appetite Strolling seemed to correspond with his inclination. Player After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough: "and yet, Sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me.

O, the delights of poverty and a good appetite!

We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature; We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing: cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough: dress it up with pickles,—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes Champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content—I have no lands there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no there; if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness — I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. "That I will, Sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping: let us have another tankard while we are awake - let us have another tankard; for ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and

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my father beat a drum: I am told we have A even had some trumpeters in our family. Many Strolling a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain: he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours; now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (Sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never

A pay for other people's discharges; in short, he Strolling never answered my letter. What could be done?

Player If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay
for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every

bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off, but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other. I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I

made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they
were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle
that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable
came in my way was sure to disappear,—in
short, they found I would not do; so I was
discharged one morning, and paid three shillings
and sixpence for two months' wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an outhouse—I went and habitually took the eggs, and not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of 'Stop thief!' but this only increased my despatch: it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me.—But, hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life!

"Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order. They were employed in settling their baggage,

A which had been overturned in a narrow way: I Strolling offered my assistance, which they accepted; and Player we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sang, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then: I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them: I was a very good figure, as you see; and though I was poor, I was not modest.

> "I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when-(the tankard is out)—it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane; Juliet, by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mor-tar, from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's

own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to A fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety,—I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers, and Tenterden is a town of taste.

"There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness; that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it.

applause; that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself: I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great

A expectations from this, and even doubled our Strolling prices; when behold one of the principal actors Player fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive: I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me (Sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next

day, and played soon after.

"I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together, in order to rehearse; and I informed my companions - masters now no longer - of the surprising change I felt within me. 'Let the sick man,' said I, 'be under no uneasiness to get well again: I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed.' I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that as I

brought money to the house I ought to have A my share in the profits. 'Gentlemen,' said I, Strolling addressing our company, 'I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude: you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature, and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual.' This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in King Bajazet—my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part: I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it; Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance; in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would

A sink to the bottom before I could get through Strolling the whole of my merits: in short, I came off Player like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to

like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success: one praised my voice, another my person. 'Upon my word,' says the Squire's lady, 'he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.'—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time: we obeyed; and I was applauded even more than before.

"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out; I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero!—Such is the world; little to-day and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject—something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give

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"The races were ended before we arrived at A the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company: however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; everybody praised me, yet she refused at first going to see me perform; she could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadencies. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane; but instead of

A looking at me, I perceived the whole audience Strolling had their eyes turned upon the lady who had Player been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest: I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders: I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do. All my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart: in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired; I am here, and—the tankard is no more!"

ESSAY VI.

Supposed to be written by the Ordinary of Newgate.

AN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is Cibber to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim, than Mr The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion: every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses: he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination; he played at cards on Sundays; called himself a gentleman, fell out with his mother and laundress; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently

Mr The. heard to observe, that young The. - would

Cibber be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress; he ran into debt with everybody that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he; so that at last his creditors swore, with one accord, that The. —— would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for a subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain that point a little, and that

to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt; first, by pushing a face; as thus: "You, Mr Lutestring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy, dammee; but, harkee, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it, dammee." At this the mercer laughs heartily; cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser; and if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them

upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called,

"Being the good customer." The gentleman Mr The. first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready—Cibber money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer-case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual, and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got at last the character of a good customer; by this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this, the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections was very expert; and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop with any man in England: none of his companions could exceed him in this; and his very companions at last said, that The.

would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans and green peas as before; he drank gravy soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick: thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power, he made up by inclination; so that all the world thought old The. — would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene—a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect,

Mr The perhaps, his dying words, and the tender fare-Cibber well he took of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin, and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity; for, oh! the mysteries of Fate! The. - was drown'd!

"Reader," as Hervey saith, "pause and ponder, and ponder and pause; who knows what thy own end may be!"

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ESSAY VII.

On the Superabundance of "Addresses TO ROYALTY.

The Following was Written at the Time of the Last Coronation, and Supposed to come from a Common-Councilman.

SIR,—I have the honour of being a common- Ad-councilman, and am greatly pleased with a dresses to paragraph from Southampton in yours of yester- Royalty day. There we learn that the mayor and aldermen of that royal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle-feast. By this means the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies, and showing their loyalty together. I must confess it would give me some pleasure to see some such measures of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his Majesty (God bless him!) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef; upon our army levelling the walls

Ad- of a town, or besieging a fortification, we might dresses to at our city feast imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of venison pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of success.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry, unsocial manner of drawing up addresses upon every occasion; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades, and two foot processions in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry as if I had been a jury-man at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses, except an appetite, and that, thank Heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough, parading it through the streets, and so my wife tells me. In fact, I generally bow to all my acquaintance when thus in full dress; but, alas! as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even though all this bustling, parading, and powdering through the streets be agreeable enough to many of us, yet I would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so very agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the Queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom, but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such cere-

monies as these every day. To use an instance Royalty adapted to all our apprehensions; suppose my family and I should go to Bartholomew Fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew Fair, the whole sight is perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away; but I am of opinion that the wire-walker and fire-eater find no such great sport in all this; I am of opinion they had as lief remain behind the curtain at their own pastimes, drinking beer, eating shrimps,

and smoking tobacco.

Besides, what can we tell his Majesty in all we say on these occasions, but what he knows perfectly well already? I believe if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom, and here are we every day telling his Majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people for instance should run thus.—May it please your M—y, we are many of us worth an hundred thousand pounds; and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages we are chiefly indebted to your M-y. We are therefore once more assembled to assure your M——y of our fidelity. This it is true we have lately assured your M——y five or six times, but we are willing once more to repeat what can't be doubted and to kiss your royal hand, and the Queen's hand, and thus sincerely to convince you that we shall never do anything to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds.

Ad- Should we not upon reading such an address dresses to think that people a little silly, who thus made such unmeaning professions?—Excuse me, Mr Printer, no man upon earth has a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen and the common-council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch's time in these good-natured trifles, who I am told seldom

spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the city of London will probably be followed by every other community in the British Empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little borough with but four freemen and a burgess; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne. Death! Mr Printer, they'll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a single project for beating the French; and our enemies may gain upon us while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people by too frequent a use of addresses, may by this means, come, at last, to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery when there may be a real necessity. A boy three weeks ago, swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out, for his amusement, "I've got the cramp! I've got the cramp!" The boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun. He soon

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after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed Royalty him, and so he sunk to the bottom.

In short, Sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever. I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat at a turtle-feast, or to shout at a bonfire; and will lend either my faggot at the fire, or flourish my hat at every loyal health that may be proposed.—I am, Sir, &c.

ESSAY VIII,

To THE PRINTER.

Seeing SIR,—I am the same common-council-man who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you? for you have many a dismal correspondent; in this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because she says I'm always melancholy when she's in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told. To those who had the pleasure of being near spectators, the diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass; the ladies and gentlemen walked all along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clock work. O! Mr Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffoldings, like sheep upon a market day in Smithfield; but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plum-cake, that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came

through the crowd.

You must know, sir, that in order to do the Coronathing genteelly, and that all my family might be tion amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who, by-the-bye, are twins, fine children) eighteen-pence a-piece to go to Sudrick Fair, to see the Court of the Black King of Morocco, which will serve

to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution I own shocked me. "Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting out all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast-day, by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Beside, my dear, our daughter, Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina, will look like a perfect fright if she sits up, and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small." "Mr Grogan," replied my wife, "Mr Grogan, this is always the case, when you find me in spirits. I don't want to go, not I; nor I don't care whether I go at all. It is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case." In short, Mr Printer, what will you have on't? to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach,

Seeing how we were shoved about in the mob, how I the had my pocket picked of the last new almanack, and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eyebrow and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentation upon this, with the adventures of the crumbled plum-cake, and broken brandy bottle, what need I relate all these? We suffered this and ten times more before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly an heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her. I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel night-caps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it of a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sang me the Noontide air towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavours I was as cold and as dismal as I ever remember. "If this be the pleasure of a coronation," cried I, to myself, "I had rather see the Court of King Solomon in all his glory at my ease in Bartholomew Fair."

Towards morning, sleep began to come fast upon me; and the sun rising and warning the air still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution; I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while.

What will you have on't? just about eight Corona-o'clock in the morning I fell fast asleep. I fell tion into the most pleasing dream in the world. I shall never forget it; I dreamed that I was at my Lord Mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison pasty. I kept eating and eating, in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time, the pasty, methought, was taken away, and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, "If I have not got enough of the venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweetmeats." Accordingly, I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap, and the other gave me a snap; I was pulled this way by my neighbour on my right hand, and that by my neighbour on my left, but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and hauled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible, in fact it broke my dream; when, awaking, I found my wife and daughter applying a smelling-bottle to my nose; and telling me it was time to go home. They assured me every means had been tried to awake me while the procession was going forward; but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr Printer, this is a hard case, and as I read your most

Seeing ingenious work, it will be some comfort, the when I see this inserted, to find that——

Corona- I write for it too.

tion

Low Sin Your distressed

I am, Sir, Your distressed, Humble Servant,

L. GROGAN.

ESSAY IX.

Sent 1 10 10 11 16 4mag

THE THEATRE; OR, A COMPARISON BETWEEN SENTIMENTAL AND LAUGHING COMEDY.

THE theatre, like all other amusements, has Sentitis fashions and its prejudices: and when Comedy satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement. For some years tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late it has entirely given way to comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and the unnatural rant, are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

But as in describing nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our modern writers find themselves at a loss which chiefly to copy from; and it is now debated, whether the exhibition of human distress is likely to afford the mind more entertainment than that

of human absurdity?

Comedy is defined by Aristotle to be a picture

Senti- of the frailties of the lower part of mankind, to mental distinguish it from tragedy, which is an exhibition of the misfortunes of the great. When comedy, therefore, ascends to produce the characters of princes or generals upon the stage, it is out of its walks, since low life and middle life are entirely its object. The principal question, therefore, is, whether, in describing low or middle life, an exhibition of its follies be not preferable to a detail of its calamities? Or, in other words, which deserves the preference,—the weeping sentimental comedy so much in fashion at present, or the laughing, and even low comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrugh and Cibber?

If we apply to authorities, all the great masters in the dramatic art have but one opinion. Their rule is, that as tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so comedy should excite our laughter by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind. Boileau, one of the best modern critics, asserts, that comedy will not

admit of tragic distress:

"Le comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs, N'admet point dans ses vers de tragiques douleurs."

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in nature, as the distresses of the mean by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great. When tragedy exhibits to us some great man fallen from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in

the same manner as we suppose he himself must Comedy feel, and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from which he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathise with one born in humbler circumstances, and encountering accidental distress: so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarcely give halfpence to the beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity; the other our contempt. Distress. therefore, is the proper object of tragedy, since the great excite our pity by their fall; but not equally so of comedy, since the actors employed in it are originally so mean, that they sink but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, tragedy and comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Casar for wanting the vis comica. All the other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous, but never exalt their characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humorously calls a tradesman's tragedy.

Yet notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced, under the name of sentimental comedy, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and

Senti- the distresses rather than the faults of man-Sentitude distresses rather than the faults of manmental kind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their tin money on the stage; and though they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught, not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that folly, instead of being ridiculed, is comsideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the comedy aims at touching our passions without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are likely to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for while the comic poet is invading the province of the tragic muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, however, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits. fame by his profits.

But it will be said, that the theatre is formed

to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If mankind find delight in weeping at comedy, it would be cruel to abridge them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of comedies, yet call them by any other name and, if they are delightful, they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit, and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an Comedy inlet to amusement.

The objections, however, are rather specious than solid. It is true, that amusement is a great object of the theatre, and it will be allowed that these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? question is, whether a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of bastard tragedy, which only is applauded because it is new?

A friend of mine, who was sitting unmoved at one of these sentimental pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent? "Why, truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his counting-house on Fish Street Hill, since he will still have enough left to open shop in St Giles's."

The other objection is as ill-grounded; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of mulish production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favour of sentimental comedy, which will keep it on the

Senti-stage, in spite of all that can be said against mental it. It is, of all others, the most easily written. Comedy Those abilities that can hammer out a novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a sentimental comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the characters a little; to deck out the hero with a riband, or give the heroine a title; then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths, give them mighty good hearts, very fine clothes, furnish a new set of scenes, make a pathetic scene or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole, and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry, and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humour at present seems to be departing from the stage, and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at a play as gloomy as at the Tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it will be but a just punishment, that when, by our being too fastidious, we have banished humour from the stage, we should ourselves be

deprived of the art of laughing.

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To the Editor of "The Westminster Magazine"

SIR,—As I see you are fond of gallantry, and Scotch seem willing to set young people together Marriages as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, Sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that in which a young couple find themselves when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the land of promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it! And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

Scotch But if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company to be sure. It is then the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face; and the

gentleman himself finds that much is to be done

before the money comes in.

For my own part, Sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed: and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man! he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old family way; I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in inquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and of a history of twentyfive that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

Imprimis, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a tailor, who, to be sure, for a tailor, was a very agreeable sort of a man. But I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they Marquarrelled at my house on their return; so she riages left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shopboard.

Miss Rachel Runfort went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and, coming back, she helped to carry his knap-

sack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems, he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in their expectations, they parted; and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary

Lane.

The next couple of whom I have any account, actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair consisted of an Irish fortunehunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a wellScotch looking gentleman, all drest in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce. He now dresses at the York Ball, and she is in keeping by the member for our borough in Parliament.

In this manner we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest on one side, and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw any thing but design and falsehood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins, when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty thousand pounder, professing his passion, while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

Of all the sincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run away with his mistress to Scotland, was the most so. An old exciseman of our town, who, as you may guess, was not very rich, had a daughter who, as you shall see, was not very handsome. It was the opinion of every body that this young woman would not soon be married, as she wanted two main articles, beauty

and fortune. But for all this, a very well-Marlooking man, that happened to be travelling those riages parts, came and asked the exciseman for his daughter in marriage. The exciseman, willing to deal openly by him, asked if he had seen the girl; "for," says he, "she is hump-backed."—"Very well," cried the stranger, "that will do for me."—"Aye," says the exciseman, "but my daughter is as brown as a berry."—"So much the better," cried the stranger, "such skin wears well."—"But she is bandy-legg'd," says the exciseman.—"No matter," cries the other, "her petticoats will hide that defect."—"But then she is very poor, and wants an eye."—"Your description delights me," cries the stranger: "I have been looking out for one of her make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beasts, and intend to show her off for a Chimpanzee."

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This edition of Goldsmith's "Essays" has been prepared for the press by MR AUSTIN DOBSON, who has revised the text, added the marginalia, and contributed the accompanying notes.

February, 1903.

NOTES.

The numbers at the beginning of paragraphs refer to the pages.

Frontispiece. — The frontispiece is a portrait of Goldsmith etched by Harry G. Webb, after Reynolds.

Notes. - Some of the notes are based upon those of previous editors, but the majority of them are nerv.

Text.—The Bee originally appeared in threepenny weekly numbers from 6th October to 24th November, 1759. It was issued in December as a duodecimo volume under the title, The Bee. Being Essays on the Most Interesting Subjects. The publisher was J. Wilkie, at the Bible in St Paul's Churchyard. The following is a list of the "Contents," those papers which have been omitted on the present occasion being wholly in Italic type:—

[No. 1.] Introduction.

Epigram on a beautiful Youth struck blina with Lightning. Imitated from the Spanish. [See Poems, (Temple Classics), p. 75.]

Another. In the same Spirit. (Latin, not printed.) Remarks on our Theatres.

The Story of Alcander and Septimius. Translated from a Byzantine Historian.

A Letter from Mr Voltaire to M. D'Arget, of Lausanne. (Not printed.)

A Letter from a Traveller.

A short Account of the late Mr MAUPERTUIS.

[No. 2.] On Dress.

Some Particulars relating to Charles XII. not commonly known.

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The Gift. To IRIS, in Bow Street, Covent Garden.
[See Poems (Temple Classics), p. 76.]

Happiness in a great Measure dependant upon Constitution.

On our Theatres.

A Letter from Mr Voltaire to M. Tiriot. (Not printed.)

[No. 3.] On the Use of Language.
The History of Hypasia.
On Justice and Generosity.

On Wit. By Mr VOLTAIRE. (Not printed.)
A Sonnet. [See Poems (Temple Glassics), p. 80.]
Some Particulars relating to Father Frejio.

[No. 4.] Miscellaneous.

A Flemish Tradition.

The Sagacity of some Insects.

The Characteristics of Greatness.

A City Night-Piece, [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. p. 277.]

An Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs Mary BLAIZE. [See Poems (Temple Classics), p 82.]

[No. 5.] On Political Frugality. A Resverie,

A Word or two on the late Farce, called High Life Below Stairs.

On Unfortunate Merit.

[No. 6.] On Education.

On the Contradictions of the World. From Voltaire. (Not printed.)

On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur. Some Account of the Academies of Italy.

[No. 7.] Of Eloquence.

Custom and Laws compared.

Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People.

SABINUS and OLINDA.

The Sentiments of a Frenchman on the Temper of the English. (Not printed.) Copied, with little alteration, from the Abbé Le Blanc's Letters on the English and French Nations, London, 1747, i. pp. 132-136.

[No. 8.] On Deceit and Falsehood, (Not printed.)

Gopied, with some variation, from The Humourist, 3rd
ed. 1724.

An Account of the Augustan Age of England. (Not printed — Goldsmith's authorship being somewhat doubtful.)

Of the Opera in England.

The above comprise all the papers included in the original "Contents" of The Bee of 1759. In the case of those papers reprinted in the Essays of 1766, the text here given (with the exception of that of the following Introduction) is the later one. (See notes to separate Essays.)

3. Introduction.— This was afterwards included in the Essays, but while the other papers are printed from the later versions, it has been judged expedient to give this one as it appeared in No. 1 of The Bee.

4. Vastly low .- "Low," as opposed to "genteel," was a popular form of eighteenth-century criticism, especially with the would-be votaries of "high life." Goldsmith had already touched upon the subject in the Present State of Polite Learning, 1759, pp. 154-5:-"By the power of one single monosyllable, our critics have almost got the victory over humour amongst us. Does the poet paint the absurdities of the vulgar; then he is low; does he exaggerate the features of folly, to render it more thoroughly ridiculous, he is then very low. In short, they have proscribed the comic or satyrical muse from every walk but high life, which, though abounding in fools as well as the humblest station, is by no means so fruitful in absurdity." "There's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature,"says Lady Blarney later in the Vicar (Temple Classics), p. 61; and in 1768, the London Chronicle declared Goldsmith's own Bailiff Scene in the Good Natur'd Man to be "uncommonly low." He was in good company, according to George Borrow. "Homer himself has never yet entirely recovered from the injury he received by Lord Chesterfield's remark, that the speeches of his heroes were frequently exceedingly

low" (Lavengro, ch. xli).

4. a dab at an index.—i.e. an expert. "The Great Men themselves, who are (to fetch a Phrase from School, a Place not improperly mentioned on this Occasion) great DABS at this kind of Facetiousness" (Fielding's Essay on Conversation, Miscellanies, 1743, i. p. 173).

4. Colonel Charteris.—An infamous profligate, satirised alike by Pope's pen and Hogarth's brush. He died in 1732; and Arbuthnot made him the subject

of a scathing epitaph.

5. Like the Bee. The motto of The Bee was from Lucretius:-

"Floriferis ut Apes saltibus omnia libant, Omnia Nos itidem."

6. a bon-mot.—This sentence suggests the "Different longitude, different latitude" of the dramatist T. W. Robertson. See also Shakespeare on "a jest's prosperity" (Love's Labour's Lost, Act v., Sc. ii.,

1. 871).

6. four extraordinary pages of letterpress.—Goldsmith repeats this jibe at the artless seductions of his contemporaries in a later paper (see p. 71). "All this, together with four extraordinary pages of letterpress, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls" (Bee, No. IV., Saturday, October 27th, 1759).

7. sad stuff.—These were the words which, according to Mrs Carter, the "fine folks" applied to Fielding's

Amelia (Letters, 3rd ed. 1819, i. p. 368).

7. Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."—Goldsmith had probably in mind this passage from Act iii., Sc. i. of Buckingham's play: "My Play is my Touch-stone, When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? What do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think

of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you" (Arber's

reprint, 1869, p. 73).

9. Our theatres are now opened.—The Haymarket opened on the 17th September with a Burletta entitled Galligantus; Drury Lane on the 22nd with Farquhar's Recruiting Officer; and Covent Garden on the 24th with the Miser (see note to p. 11).

g. Grub Street.—The Grub Street of fact is now Milton Street, Cripplegate. Johnson, who defined it in the Dictionary as "a street... much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems," according to Miss Burney, had never been

there himself (Diary, i. p. 415).

9. as a manager, so avaricious.—This was a common charge against Garrick (cf. Birkbeck Hill's Boswell, 1887, iii, p. 71).

9. Palmer.—John Palmer, the Elder, died in May 1768. He was an excellent Plume in Farquhar's Recruiting Officer, but a coxcomb on and off the Stage.

"PALMER! Oh! PALMER tops the janty part," says

Churchill (Poems, 4th ed. 1769, i. 3).

9. Holland.—Charles Holland died of smallpox in December 1769, aged 36. Churchill accuses him in the Rosciad of being merely a servile copy of Garrick, some of whose favourite characters he played successfully. "I hate e'en Garrick thus at second hand"

(Poems, 4th ed. 1769, i. p. 17).

9. Shuter.—Edward, or more familiarly, Ned Shuter (1728-76), who afterwards played "Croaker" in the Good Natur'd Man, and "Mr Hardcastle" in She Stoops to Conquer. Garrick called him "the greatest comic genius he had ever seen," and Dibdin says he was "one of the best burletta singers in the world."

10. Though it would be inexcusable, This technically known as "gagging" was Shuter's worst fault:

"SHUTER, who never car'd a single pin Whether he left out nonsense, or put in." (Churchill's Poems, 4th ed. 1769, i. p. 31.)

11. The Miser .- This was a version by Henry Field-

ing of Molière's L'Avare, first produced in 1733. It entirely superseded the earlier essay of Shadwell (1671); and is recognised by French criticism as practically faithful to the original. On the 24th September, shortly before the date of this paper, it had been played at Covent Garden with Shuter as "Lovegold," the English Harpagon.

11. to pick up a pin. - The pin-picking is not referred to by Molière's editors, but "le jeu de la bougie" was a

tradition of the French Stage.

11. The " Mock Doctor." This again, was Fielding's adaptation (1732) from Molière of the Medecin malgré lui. It was played at Drury Lane on 25th September (when Goldsmith probably saw it); and 5th October (the day preceding the date of this number of The Bee) with Yates and Mrs Abington as the principal characters. Gregory and Dorcas.

12. Riccoboni. - Riccoboni's book was translated in 1741 under the title of An Historical and Critical Account of the Theatres of Europe, etc. . . . By the famous Lewis Riccoboni of the Italian Theatre at Paris. In his chapter on the English Theatre (pp. 160-181) he says :- " The Architecture of their Play-house is beautiful and commodious. All the Pit is in Form of an Amphitheatre, where both Sexes sit promiscuously, which afford [sic] a very agreeable Sight. There is but one Row of Boxes, and above are two Galleries with Benches one above another, where People sit." As an example "to what an Exactness the English Comedians carry the Imitation of Nature," he gives an account of an English actor of twentysix whom he had seen at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and who not only acted but looked the part of an old man to perfection.

12. our little pages .- M. Pierre Grosley, who visited London in 1765, was much exercised by the little trainbearers (caudataires), who ran about the stage with the trains of the heroines. Addison, fifty-four years before, had commented in the Spectator (18th

April 1711) upon the same anomaly.

13. dirty-shirted guards, -This is apparently a refer-

ence to the pair of sentinels whom it was the practice to station upon the stage during the performance of a play. In chap. lix. of *The Virginians*, Thackeray makes one of them moved to tears by Mrs Woffington's acting of Lady Randolph in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*.

13. the Wapping Landlady.—This is a character in a farce called The Humours of Wapping, 1703, which, according to the Daily Advertiser, was still being acted in 1744. A scene with a similar title, and probably from the same play, was painted by Frank Hayman for Vauxhall Gardens, and engraved by L. Truchy.

13. pining in the character of Jane Shore.—It is not impossible that this reference is to Mrs Pritchard, who acted this part as late as 1758 (November 2), although she was forty-seven, and by no means slim. As to this last point, of. Churchill's Roseiad (Poems, 4th ed. 1769, i. p. 39):—

"In Comedy—' Nay, there,' cries Critic, ' hold. PRITCHARD's for Comedy too fat and old. Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette, Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?'"

14. Alcander and Septimius.—Their story is to be found in the Decameron of Boccaccio, Tale 8, Day 10. The heroes are there called Titus and Gisippus. The text here given is that of the Essays of 1766 (No. II.).

19. A Letter from a Traveller. This is thought to

be fictitious, in spite of the head-note.

20. a philosophic vagabond.—This is the name which, in the "Contents" of the Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith gives to George Primrose (ch. xx.). Johnson wished to christen The Traveller the "Philosophic Wanderer" (Forster's Life of Goldsmith, 1871, i. 368), the name which Lien Chi Altangi gives to himself [Citizen of the World (Temple Glassics), i. 18].

22. Maupertuis. - Pierre-Louis-Moreau de Mau-

pertuis, 1698-1759 (July 27).

24. Micromegas (the "little great"), appeared in

1752. It is in the genre of Gulliver.

26. On Dress .- This is reprinted in the Essays, No.

XV.; and is here reproduced from the edition of

27. Sweeping trains.—Goldsmith devotes a special letter in the Citizen of the World to this (Temple

Classics, ii. pp. 125-9).

27. trollopees.—The trollopee, according to Fairholt (Costume in England, by Dillon, 1885, ii. p. 400), was "a loose flowing gown, sometimes gathered up behind and open in front, much worn as a morning dress by ladies about 1750." Cf. the Connoisseur for 19 August 1756 [by William Cowper]:—"These were most woefully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppe or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons."

28. her white negligée.—This also was a loose gown. Cf. the Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1889, i., xlviii.:
... her Ladyship has Bought the silk for a

Negligée for me, and a slip for Sukey" (1764).

29. your monstrous muff.—See Hogarth's Swearing a Child, 1735; Rake's Progress, 1735, Pt. iv.; and Taxe in High Life, 1742, for examples of men wearing muffs. In November 1766, my Lord of March and Ruglen (the March of the Virginians) writes to George Selwyn at Paris:—"The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously; vastly better than if it had been tigré, or of any glaring colour: several are now making from it" (Jesse's Selwyn, 1843, ii. 71).

30. the young doctor a big wig. — Doctors wore tye-wigs. "A physician," writes Fielding in 1732, "can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a

fee" (The Mock Doctor, Sc., v.).

30. scrubs.—Mean-looking, or second-rate people. "There was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills" (Guardian, No. 65).

31. lutestring trollopee.—For trollopee, see ante, p. 27. Lutestring, a corruption of lustring, was a "lustrous or bright silk much used in the last [eighteenth] cen-

tury for ladies' dresses, introduced into this country by the French refugees who fled here after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes" (Draper's Dictionary). "Within my Memory the price of Lutestring is raised above two Pence in a Yard" (Spectator, No. 21).

31. bunters.—Rag-pickers. Cf. Low Life [1752], p. 5:—"Bunters with bits of Candles between their Fingers, and Baskets on their Heads, rummaging the dirty Dunghills . . . for Rags and Bones. . ." Again, p. 16, "Great Trafficking among the Bunters in Rotten Row. . . . for the Rags and Bones picked

up that Morning."

31. White Conduit House (or Tea Gardens) was a popular suburban resort of the eighteenth-century middle classes. It stood until 1849 on the east side of Penton Street, Pentonville. It was a favourite haunt with Goldsmith, who mentions it in the Citizen of the World (Temple Classics, ii. p. 300). From the old advertisements, tea, sugar and milk was 3d. per head, so that "sixpennyworth" represents the entire outlay of Mrs Roundabout's "marriageable daughters."

31. my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep.—Cf. the "bell-wether of Bantam" in Citizen of the World (Temple Classics, ii. p. 126). The Syrian and Egyptian sheep have often enormous fleshy tails which sometimes

require to be supported.

39. Happiness, etc.—This is reprinted in the Essays, No. III., and is here reproduced from the edition of 1766.

39. cross-purposes. — An eighteenth - century game mentioned, but not defined in Spectator, No. 245.

39. questions and commands.—This game, of which there is a description in Sydney's Social Life in England, 1892, p. 392, is also mentioned in the Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 58. See also Spectator, No. 245; and Lover, No. 13:—"I might have been a King at Questions and Commands."

40. Our old dairymaid.—Peggy Golden, cf. Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 22; and Goldsmith's

Letter to his brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson, 27th

Dec. 1757.

40. Barbara Allen.—This, and the ballad of the Border freebooter, Johnny Armstrong, are both in

William Allingham's Ballad Book, 1864.

41. the famous Cardinal de Retz.—Jean-François-Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, 1614-79, a prominent instigator of the Fronde. His Memoires, says M. St. Jal (Dictionnaire Critique, 1872, 2nd ed. p. 1056), form "un des livres les plus curieux, les plus piquants, les meilleurs qui se soient produits sur cette époque d'intrigues, de guerre sérieuse et folle, de malheurs publics dus à l'ambition de quelques grands, de haines vigoureuses, de cruels et de gais pamphlets." It was very popular in the eighteenth century. Lady Hervey (Letters, 1821, 73) says she had "read it six or seven times over"; and Lord Chesterfield embodies a large number of the Cardinal's political Maxims in Letter 223 to his son. It is included in the Grands Écrivains de France series.

44. Mademoiselle Clairon.—Claire-Josephe-Hippolyte de Latude, otherwise Mlle. Clairon (1723-1803). Garrick, who saw her in 1752 "in the dawn of her reputation," and afterwards in 1765, when she retired from the stage, professed the greatest admiration for her talents, while Gibbon (Autobiographies, 1896, pp.

204, 262) speaks of her "consummate art."

45. the singing women at Sadlers' Wells.—Sadlers' Wells was a popular place of entertainment near the New River. Its chief "singing women" at this date (1759), according to the Public Advertiser, were Mrs Dennis and Mrs Edwards.

46. never to take notice of the audience .- Cf. Lloyd's

Actor (Works, 1774, i. p. 18):-

"Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
And strive to speak, and be the very man.
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
Who sits above to-night, or who below?"

46. Belvidera is the chief female character in Otway's Venice Preserved, 1682.

46. Mrs Cibber-1710-66, was Thomas Arne's sister,

and married Colley Cibber's reprobate son, Theophilus (see p. 231). As an actress, she had more sensibility than beauty:—

"In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek."
(Lloyd's Actor, Works, 1774, i. p. 18.)

46. his shilling's worth.—This, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, was the price of the second or "upper gallery," the chosen resort of all "gentlemen's gentlemen." The first Gallery was two shillings; the Pit two, or three shillings.

47. I remember to have known.—This anecdote is told of Thomas Sheridan, father of R. B. Sheridan. Goldsmith had already referred to it in a letter to Mrs

Lawder (Jane Contarine), 15th August 1758.

48. On the Use of Language.—This is reprinted in the Essays, No. V., and is here reproduced from

the edition of 1766.

- 48. the true use of speech.—This idea has been employed both before and after Goldsmith,—after him, notably, by Voltaire. If it be necessary that he should have borrowed from a predecessor, he may have had in mind Young's Love of Fame, the Universal Passion, 6th ed. 1763, Sal. ii. p. 39:—
 - "Where nature's end of language is declin'd, And men talk only to conceal the mind."

He was certainly familiar with Young, whose poem first appeared in 1725-8.

48. Seneca himself allows. - See Seneca De Bene-

ficiis, Lib. ii., cap. xv., xvi. and xvii.*

49. Ovid finely compares.—Goldsmith had perhaps in view Tristia, Lib. ii. 83-6.*

53. just nicked the time.—i.e. just hit upon the time.
"The just season of doing things must be nick'd and all accidents improved" (L'Estrange in Johnson).

53. fetches.—i.e. Artifices, stratagems, subterfuges. Cf. Hudibras, Pt. ii. Canto 3, ll. 1107-10:—

* The editor is indebted for these indications to the kindness of Mr Sidney T. Irwin, M.A., of Clifton College.

"But Sidrophel, as full of Tricks As Rota-men of Politicks, Streight cast about to over-reach Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a Fetch."

54. Kent Street, now Tabard Street, extended in contemporary maps between the present New Kent Road and Blackman Street. According to Strype, it was "chiefly inhabited by Broom Men and Mumpers [Beggars]." Goldsmith, who mentions it in An Elegy on Mrs Mary Blaize [Poems (Temple Classics), p. 83], was probably familiar with this poor part of Southwark, as he had practised as "a physician, in a humble way," in the Bankside.

54. the Smyrna.—The Smyrna coffee-house was in Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House, at the corner of Crown Court. "Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance" [Journal to Stella (October 15, 1710), Aitken's edn. 1901, p. 42]. At the Smyrna Thomson in-

vited subscriptions for The Seasons.

54. Dr Cheyne.—This was Richardson's friend, Dr George Cheyne, or Cheney, author of The English Malady (i.e. Hypochondria), 1733. He was the eighteenth-century advocate par excellence of temperance and a vegetable diet. He died at Bath in April

1743, being then in his seventy-second year.

54. Samson Gideon was a noted Jew Broker. He is mentioned in Selwyn's correspondence. "I received a letter to-day [21 Aug. 1789] in such a hand as you never beheld, from Sir Sampson Gideon, now Sir S. Eardley, a name I never heard of before, to dine with him to-morrow at his house in Kent" (George Selvyn, by E. S. Roscoe, 1899, p. 253). Gideon's son became Baron Eardley of Spalding.

55. The History of Hypatia is told in Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol vi. p. 14 (ch. xlvii.) of Smith's edn. In 1853 Charles Kingsley based his well-known

novel upon it.

61. 'Change Alley.—In Cornhill. Here stood Jonathan's coffee-house. "I... sometimes pass for a

Jew in the Assembly of Stock-Jobbers at Jonathan's"

(Spectator, No. 1).

65. Father Freijo .- See Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe, 1759, p. 65, where Freijo's book of vulgar errors," that "so finely exposes the monkish stupidity of the times," is referred to.

67. Miscellaneous .- Mr S. T. Irwin (Six Dialogues of Lucian, 1894, xi. n.) finds in this paper an example of the turn of humour of Lucian's "Nigrinus," where the writer "permits a friend to ridicule, with sufficient justice, his rhetorical apologies and longwinded preface."

68. like Raleigh . . . by burning my manuscript.-This is a reference to the old, and now discredited story, copied by Aubrey from Winstanley's English Worthies, 1660, to the effect that Raleigh burned a second part of his History of the World because of the small success of the first instalment.

69. hearken, O Posterity .- Goldsmith, unlike many another, did not make this appeal in vain. Cf. his

letter to Robert Bryanton, 14 Aug. 1758.

69. run the gantlope. - So properly spelled. Cf. Tom Jones, Bk. vii. ch. xi. "Some said . . . that he deserved to run the gantlope."

70. only approve .- "For fools admire, but men of sense approve" (Pope's Essay on Criticism, 1711, l. 391).

71. the intended Bridge at Blackfriars .- Blackfriars Bridge was begun in 1760, and opened in 1769.

71. four extraordinary pages .- See ante, p. 6. 72. a mistake in the one .- Here Goldsmith, like Addison (sometimes), makes "the one" correspond, not with the former, but with the latter. And Johnson would not have permitted him to say "the one," which he regarded as "Scotch" (Fanny Burney's Diary, 1892, i. 38).

73. the court of the King of Prussia .- The courts of the continental sovereigns seem to have been a favourite wax-work exhibition. In Hogarth's Southwark Fair one of the announcements runs :-- "The whole court

of France is here." See also post, p. 241.

80. about four years ago. -At the date of this paper, 27 October 1759, Goldsmith was living at No. 12, Green-Arbour-Court, which extended from the upper end of the Old Bailey into Sea-coal Lane, on a site now absorbed by the Holborn Viaduct and Railway Station (see frontispiece to Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics)). He had only been there since the end of 1758, so his "about four years ago" must have been a poetic licence, as was also, in all probability, the maid with her "fatal broom" (p. 80).

81. I once put a wasp into the nest.—Bewick (Memoir, ed. 1887, p. 31) records a similar experiment. In Bewick's case, however, the spider attacked the wasp, by whom it was immediately stung, and put to flight.

83. hunger.—This paper, which was not reprinted in the Essays of 1765, affords a pleasant foretaste of the more fortunate pages of Animated Nature. It is necessary, however, to observe that it must be regarded as literature rather than accurate natural history.

85. most replete. - Here Goldsmith falls into one of

the errors to which he refers.

85. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude.—The reward fixed by the Act of 1714 for the discovery of the longitude at sea was gained by John Harrison of Foulby, near Pontefract (1693-1776).

91. Misers are described .- See ante, p. 63.

94. We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain.— The manufacture of porcelain was established at Worcester in 1750. But porcelain had been made at

Bow and Chelsea before 1698.

96. garnishes, freedoms, etc.—Goldsmith probably refers here, not to the "garnish" paid by prisoners to the gaol officials, etc., but to the sums exacted upon entering a trade, e.g. the benvenue (bienvenue) or "footing" fee contributed to the printer's "chapel" by a workman on taking up a fresh office (Life of Mr Thomas Gent, Printer of York, 1832, p. 15). Goldsmith had himself been a corrector of the press under Samuel Richardson at Salisbury Court.

96. In the towns and countries. - This is a useful eighteenth - century testimony to the cause of

temperance.

97. and other pests of society .- This is rather hard upon

attorneys, against whom Goldsmith must have had some grudge. But so apparently had Johnson:—

"Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay, And here the fell attorney prowls for prey."

he sings in ll. 15-16 of London.

Goldsmith makes it the "failing" of Hickey in Retaliation, l. 136, that he was a "special attorney."

99. an Economical Journal.—In the Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), i. 249, the obscure philosopher of Green-Arbour-Court seems to anticipate the Review of Reviews. Here he clearly foresees the Board of Trade Journal.

101. Virtus est medium.—This quotation is from Epp. i. 18, l. 9, thus paraphrased by Conington:—

"Between these faults 'tis virtue's place to stand At distance from the extreme on either hand."

104. the word "Inspector".—This was Mr (or Sir) John Hill, 1716-75, a voluminous scribbler and quack. He wrote The Inspector for the London Daily Advertiser.

105. dressed in lace.—Hill was remarkable for the

splendour of his costume.

105. carrying nothing but a nosegay.—This is said to be an allusion to the fact that in 1759 Hill produced

four works on botanical subjects.

105. a rigadoon.—Presumably a rigadoon step (like Damia's in Tatler No. 34), for the rigadoon was a dance for two persons. "I led him by the Hand into the next Room, where we danced a Rigadoon together" (Guardian, No. 154).

105. the person.—Probably Arthur Murphy, author of the Orphan of China, a tragedy based upon Voltaire and produced at Drury Lane, April 21, 1759. Goldsmith reviewed it in the Critical Review for May, 1759.

105. somewhat . . . theatrical.—Murphy began as an actor at Covent Garden. He quitted the Stage for the Bar.

106. virtue.—Goldsmith (in the Critical Review) thought Murphy had "perhaps too frequently mentioned the word virtue."

106. a very grave personage. - Samuel Johnson, whose acquaintance Goldsmith had not vet made.

107. another .- David Hume, whose History of the

House of Tudor appeared in 1758.

108. a person.—Tobias Smollett, for whose British Magazine, perhaps on account of this very paper, Goldsmith presently began to write.

108. Segrais. - Jean Regnault de Segrais, 1624-1701.

109. to hear the conversation on the way. - This paper, in the original, is marked "To be continued," But it was never resumed.

109. High Life below Stairs, - This was by the Rev. James Townley of Merchant Taylors' School. It was produced 31 October 1759, three days before the appearance of No. V. of The Bee.

110. my Lord Duke and Sir Harry .- Palmer (see ante p. 9) played the Duke's servant; King, Sir Harry's

servant.

111. Mrs Clive took the part of Kitty. Goldsmith seems to have admired her as much as Fielding. " Mrs Clive in her Walk on the Stage is the greatest Actress the World ever saw; and if as many really understood true Humour as pretend to understand it, she would have nothing to wish, but that the House [Drury Lane] was six Times as large as it is " (Covent Garden Journal, 8 February 1752).

111. the subordinate ranks of people.—According to Genest's Account of the English Stage, iv. 577, the footmen at Edinburgh raised a riot on the second night,

and had to be expelled from the theatre.

113. painters and sculptors .- By "sculptors," Goldsmith here plainly means "engravers." Johnson uses "sculptures" for "engravings" in his letter to the librarian of Buckingham House (Hill's Johnson's Letters, 1892, i., 145).

114. Caravaggio. - The painter here referred to was no doubt Michelangelo Merisi, or Amerighi, called from his birthplace near Bergamo, Caravaggio (1569-1609). The accounts of his death do not coincide

with that here given.

116. On Education .- This is reprinted in the Essays,

No. vii., and is here reproduced from the edition of 1766, where the following note is prefixed to it:—"N.B. This treatise was published before Rousseau's Emilius; if there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the present essay will not be deemed a plagiarist." Rousseau's Emile; ou, de l'Éducation appeared in 1762.

119. the usher. — Cf. chap. xx. of the Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), pp. 125-6). Goldsmith himself had been an usher at Dr Milner's academy at Peckham.

123. misers.—Cf. pp. 63 and 91. Goldsmith seems

to have had a kindness for misers.

123. Instead... of romances.—This sentence (down to "possessed of"), without actually mentioning names, seems to prefer the method of Richardson and Hogarth before that of Fielding.

126. There has of late a gentleman appeared.—Thomas Sheridan, father of the dramatist, who was, at this date, delivering a Course of Lectures on Elocution and

the English Language.

130. On the Instability, etc.—This is reprinted in the Essays, No. viii., and is here reproduced from the edition of 1766.

132. the late Duke of Marlborough.—Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough, who died of a fever, 20

October 1758, at Munster in Westphalia.

132. A Chinese... once took it into his head to travel into Europe.—This shows that the idea which prompted the Citizen of the World was already a familiar one with Goldsmith.

133. an undiscovered property in the polype.—Perhaps a reference to the paper published by the Royal Society on the Fresh Water Polypus which Fielding ridiculed in vol. i. of his Miscellanies, 1743, p. 253 ("The

Terrestrial Chrysipus").

134. the herring fishery employed all Grub-Street.—The British White Herring Fishery Company was instituted in 1750, and under its protection herrings became very plentiful. Its secretary and laureate was one John Lockman, known popularly as the "Herring Poet." In Hogarth's Beer Street, 1751,

the fishwomen are shewn singing one of Lockman's latest ballads on this theme, which had created a furore at Vauxhall Gardens. The "Herring Poet" was an industrious translator from the French; and gained some reputation with that nation for a version of the Henriade, a subject afterwards essayed by Goldsmith's friend, Ned Purdon For vol. i. of another of Lockman's translations, the Abbé de St Fontaine's Travels of Mr John Gulliver, 1731, Hogarth, who seems to have been intimate with the translator, executed a frontispiece (see also Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. pp. 231 and 245).

140. What we clearly conceive. - See Boileau, L'Art

Poétique, Chant I .: -

"Ce que l'on concoit bien s'énonce clairement, Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisement."

142. a celebrated preacher.-Jean-Baptiste Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, 1663-1742. Much of what follows on preaching was more or less advocated in a paper not here reprinted, but which forms No. xvii. of the Essays of 1765 and 1766. See list at note to p. 167.

144. the Bangorian Controversy .- Arose out of a sermon preached before George I. (31 March 1717) by Dr Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Bangors, upon John xviii. 36-" My kingdom is not of this world." It was printed by royal command, and gave rise to a storm of clerical pamphlets.

150. the present King of Prussia. - In the so-called Code Frédérique. Napoleon did the same in the Code

Napoléon.

154. the E. O. table.—" E. O." was another name for roulette, E and O being the letters on the bands or rings. There is an early and well-known caricature by Rowlandson entitled "E. O.; or, the Fashionable Vorvels" (28 October 1781).

160. Prince Vologeso. - This was the character taken by Cornacini at the Haymarket in the Opera of Vologeso.

162. Mr Rameau. - Jean-Philippe Rameau, 1683-1764.

162. Matei.—The famous Italian songstress, Colomba Mattei. "The Mattei (I assure you) is much improved by his [Elisi's] example, and by her great success this winter" (Gray to Mason, 22 January 1761). See also p. 160.

163. Cornacini. See note to page 160.

167. Miscellaneous Essays.—Goldsmith's Essays were first published in 1765 by W. Griffin in Fetter Lane, in 12mo; and contained twenty-seven essays. A second edition followed in 1766 (when Griffin had moved to Catherine Street), and included two more essays (Nos. XXVI. and XXVII.). The second edition, like the first, has no table of "Contents," but the twenty-nine essays are as specified below. Those already printed in this volume, and those not reprinted here at all, are shown in Italic type:—

The Preface.

1. Introductory. (From No. 1 of The Bee, see p. 3 ante.)

II. Alcander and Septimius. (From No. 1 of The Bee, see p. 14 ante.)

III. Happiness of Temper. (From No. 2 of The Bee, see p. 39 ante.)

IV. A Description of various Clubs.

V. On the Use of Language. (From No. 3 of The Bee, see p. 48 ante.)

VI. Generosity and Justice. (From No. 3 of The Bee, see p. 60 ante.)

VII. Education of Youth. (From No. 6 of The Bee, see p. 116 ante.)

VIII. Worldly Grandeur. (From No. 6 of The Bee, see p. 130 ante.)

IX. Specimen of a Magazine in Miniature.

X. Beau Tibbs. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), i. p. 263.]

XI. Beau Tibbs, continued. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), i. p. 267.]

XII. Counsel to Youth. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. p. 33.]

XIII. On Mad Dogs. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii, p. 71.]

s*

XIV. Life and Age. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. p. 93.]

XV. Dress. (From No. 2 of The Bee, see p. 26 ante.)

XVI. Asem, an Eastern Tale.

XVII. On the English Clergy and Popular Preachers.

[Not printed here. See note to p. 142.]

XVIII. The Exploration of Asia. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. p. 234.]

XIX. A Reverie at the Boar's Head.

XX. Quacks. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), i. p. 113, and ii. p 65.]

XXI. Adventures of a Strolling Player.

XXII. Rules to be observed at a Russian Assembly
[Not printed here.]

XXIII. The Genius of Love. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii, p 262]

XXIV. Life of a Common Soldier. [See Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. p. 284.]

XXV. Supposed to have been written by the Ordinary of Newgate.

XXVI. On the Superabundance of Addresses to Royalty.

XXVII. Seeing the Coronation.

XXVIII. The Double Transformation. [See Poems (Temple Classics), p. 90.]

XXIX. (marked XIX.) A New Simile. [See Poems (Temple Classics), p. 95.]

167. The Preface.—This first appeared in the Essays of 1765. It is here reprinted from the Essays of 1766.

167. the Ghost in Cock Lane. —Goldsmith himself wrote a pamphlet on this subject which has been plausibly, but not conclusively, identified with one bearing the title of The Mystery Revealed, put forth in 1742 [1762] by Newbery's rival, W. Bristow, of St Paul's Churchyard.

167. the siege of Ticonderago.—Ticonderaga (North America) was taken from the French by Abercromby, 26th July 1759.

167. kennel. — Goldsmith probably employed this orthography of "channel" intentionally.

168. Philantos, etc.—Goldsmith uses these names in the Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 130.

169. to pillage the dead.—Readers of Barnaby Rudge will remember how Dickens's Dennis the hangman clothes himself from the wardrobe of his clients (chapter 39).

169. upon Posterity.—After this, in the edition of 1765, followed:—"Mr Posterity. Sir, Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pound's worth of praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity that will then be so very serviceable to him, and place it to the accompt of, etc."

170. A Description of Various Clubs.—This Essay first appeared in the Busy Body for 13th Oct. 1759. It is here reprinted from the Essays of 1766 (No. IV.).

170. Slaughter's Coffee House.—This, which existed until 1842, stood in St Martin's Lane (No. 75), close to the southern corner of Great Newport Street. It was pulled down to make room for the prolongation of Cranhourn Street.

170. Ivy Lane.—Ivy Lane lies between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row. Here the fictitious Hum Drum Club of the Spectator (No. 9) held its meetings; and here also, at the King's Head, a "famous beefsteak house," from 1749 to 1756, the actual Ivy Lane Club of Johnson was wont to assemble (Hawkins's

Life of Johnson, 1787, pp. 219, 360).

171. the Foundery.—This was a ruinous old building which, like Bedlam, was in Moorfields. It stood on the site of what was alterwards Providence Row, and had once been used as a foundry for cannon. Wesley leased it to preach in. It is first referred to in his Journal under 23rd July 1740 ("Our little company met at the Foundery, instead of Fetter Lane"); and it is often mentioned afterwards.

173. "Death and the Lady."—See Bell's Ballads of the Peasantry, 1857, p. 32; ef. also Vicar of Wakefield

(Temple Classics), p. 100.

177. Sanconiathon, Manetho and Berosus.—Goldsmith afterwards used these in the Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 79.

177. Abel Drugger.—A character in Ben Jonson's Alchemist. It was a famous part of Garrick.

178. one ghost killed.—In Fielding's Tom Thumb, 1730, the ghost of Tom Thumb is killed by Lord Grizzle.

181. Tully, Socrates, and Cicero.—It will be observed that this enlightened "society of moral philosophers" made three authors out of two.

182. Specimen of a Magazine in Miniature.—Apparently first printed in the Essays of 1765 (No IX.).

183. four extraordinary pages of letter-press .- Cf. pp. 6 and 71.

188. Asem, an Eastern Tale. - Apparently first

printed in the Essays of 1765 (No. XVI.).

198. A Reverie at the Boar's-Head.—This first appeared in the February, March and April numbers of the British Magazine for 1760. It is here printed

from the Essays of 1766 (No. XIX.).

199. Boar's-Head Tavern.—Goldsmith was in error in supposing that this old Shakespearian tavern was "still kept at Eastcheap." As a matter of fact, the original house was burned down in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt soon after, and was eventually pulled down in 1831.

215. at Primero.—A now unknown game of cards. Falstaff, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. iv. Sc. 5, says he "never prospered since he forswore himself

at primero."

218. Adventures of a Strolling Player.—This essay first appeared in the British Magazine for October 1760. It is here printed from the Essays of 1766 (No. XXI.).

218. about the hour.—St James's Park, and especially the walk between the Mall and the Park Wall, known as the Green, or Duke Humphrey's Walk, was a favoured resort of fasting persons, who were popularly said to be engaged in "counting the Trees for a Dinner" (Low Life [1752], p. 30).

219. pincushi n-makers in Rosemary Lane.—Rosemary Lane, or Rag Fair, now Royal Mint Street, White-chapel, is a haunt of dealers in old clothes. The puppet-show man probably sold his puppets to the

pincushion-makers for the sawdust.

219. to be my three half-pence.—i.e. to subscribe, contribute, or "be good for" my share. Cf. Tom Jones, Bk. xv. ch. 12, "I said I would be my pot too." And Burns's Auld Lang Syne, second stanza:—

"And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

220. fondlings of nature .- Pets, darlings. Cf. Vicar

of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 12.

221. points of war.—A point of war is a strain of martial music. Cf. Tatler, No. 95, "We were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little god son to give me a point of war."

230. Alderman Smuggler, "an old merchant," is like Sir Harry Wildair—one of the characters in Farquhar's comedy of The Constant Couple; or, a Trip

to the Jubilee.

231. Supposed to be Written, etc .- Apparently first

printed in the Essays of 1765 (No. XXV.).

231. Mr The. Cibber.—Theophilus Cibber, born in 1703, and drowned in 1758, on his way to Dublin, was the son of Colley Cibber, and, like his father, an actor. His second wife was Arne's sister, Susannah Maria Arne (see p. 46 ante), the famous tragic actress. Profligate and prodigal, he was always in debt and difficulty. Under the title of An Apology for the Life of Mr T.... C... Comedian, a spurious biography of him was published in 1740. It is sometimes, but erroneously, ascribed to Henry Fielding.

232. paduasoy.—i.e. soie de Padoue (Padua), introduced into this country by the refugees after the revocation

of the Edict of Nantes.

235. On the Superabundance, etc.—This paper first appears in the Essays of 1766, pp. 229-34 (Essay

xxvi.), from which it is here reprinted.

235. the last coronation.—i.e. that of George III., 22nd September 1761. Cf. Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), ii. pp. 221-26.

236. Mr Printer. This, like the letter that follows, was addressed "To the Printer."

236. govens of mazarine blue, edged with fur. — The writer, it will be remembered, was a common-council-man.

240. To the Printer.—This piece also first appears in the Essays of 1766, pp. 235-40 (Essay xxvii.), from which it is here reprinted.

240. the same common-council-man. — This letter is signed "L. Grogan."

240. the coronation .- See note to p. 235.

241. Sudrick Fair .- Perhaps Southwark Fair.

241. Court of the Black King of Morocco. - See ante p.

73, and post, p. 242.

241. Sitting out all night, -- "People had sat up a night and a day"-says Walpole of this coronation

(Letter to Montagu, 24th September 1761).

241. Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina.—Goldsmith was fond of these catenations of royal names. Cf. Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classics), p. 60, and Citizen of the World (Temple Classics), i. p. 268.

242. the last new almanack.—Addison's "Tory Fox-Hunter" loses his Almanack at the Masquerade (Free Holder, No. 44); and steel tobacco boxes are often lost in the Covent Garden Journal.

242. mobbed up in flannel night-caps .- Cf.

"But when at home, at board or bed, Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head."

Goldsmith's Double Transformation (Poems (Temple

Classics), p. 91).

245. The Theatre, etc.—This first appeared in the Westminster Magazine for December 1772 (vol. i. p. 4), from which it is here reprinted. "The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous," says Goldsmith's dedication to Johnson of She Stoops to Conquer; and this essay was obviously intended to pave the way for that play, which was produced at Covent Garden on 15th March 1773.

246. the weeping sentimental comedy. - This was the comedie mixte, or comedie larmoyante, introduced in France

by Nivelle de La Chaussée in 1733, and developed, not without colour from Richardson and Rousseau, by Voltaire, Diderot, Sedaine, and, in his earlier plays, by Beaumarchais. Passing in mid-career to England, it took the form of "sentimental comedy," its most popular exponents being Hugh Kelly, of False Delicacy, 1768, and Richard Cumberland, of the West Indian, 1771. Goldsmith's definition of this class of play is to be found at p. 249.

246. Le comique. — See L'Art Poétique, chant iii., where the precept is borrowed from the Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult of Horace, Ars Poetica,

1. 89.

250. Humour at present seems to be departing from the Stage.—Cf. ch. xviii. of the Vicar of Wakefield (Temple Classies), p. 111: "the public think nothing about dialect, or humour," etc.

250. Tabernacle.—Probably Whitefield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road. Cf. note to p. 171.

251. A Register of Scotch Marriages.—This letter, as its heading shows, was addressed to the Editor of The Westminster Magazine, in which it appeared in February 1773 (vol. i. p. 137), and from which it is here reprinted.

253. Rosemary Lane.—See note to p. 219; and cf. Act. v. of The Good-Natur'd Man, where Miss Macfag and her footman husband are said to "keep separate cellars in Hedge Lane." Like the assumed writer of this paper, the speaker in the play is a landlady, whose opinion is also that "Scotch marriages seldom turn out well."

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